

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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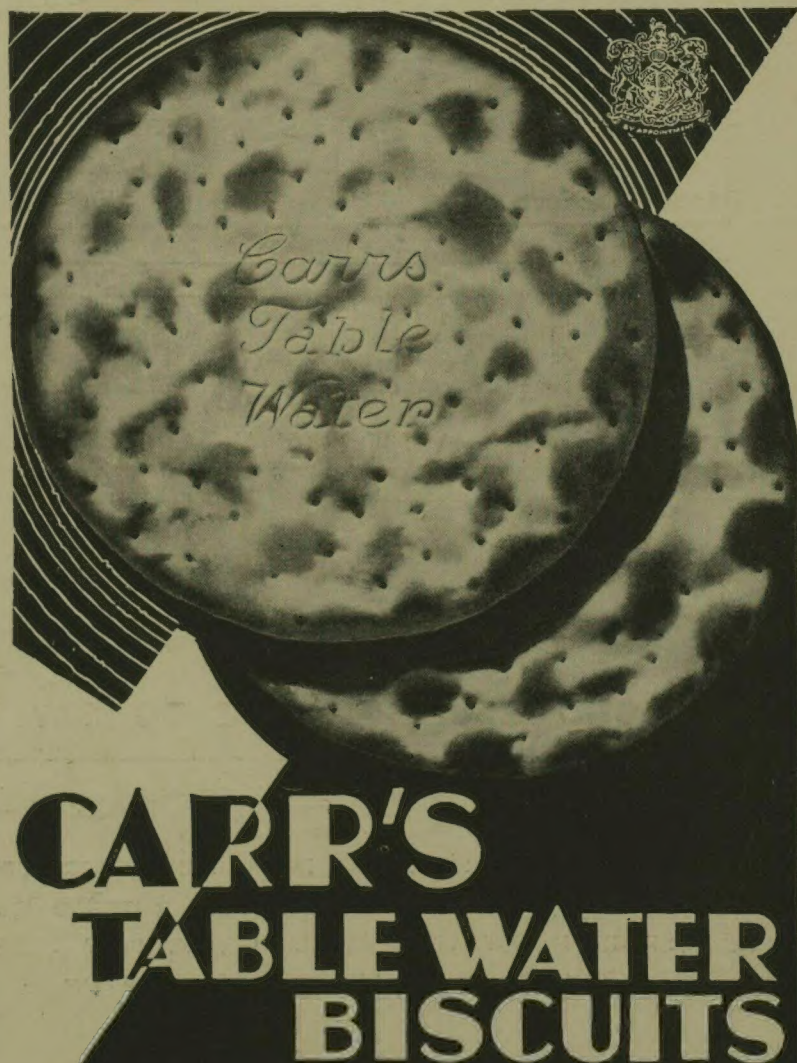
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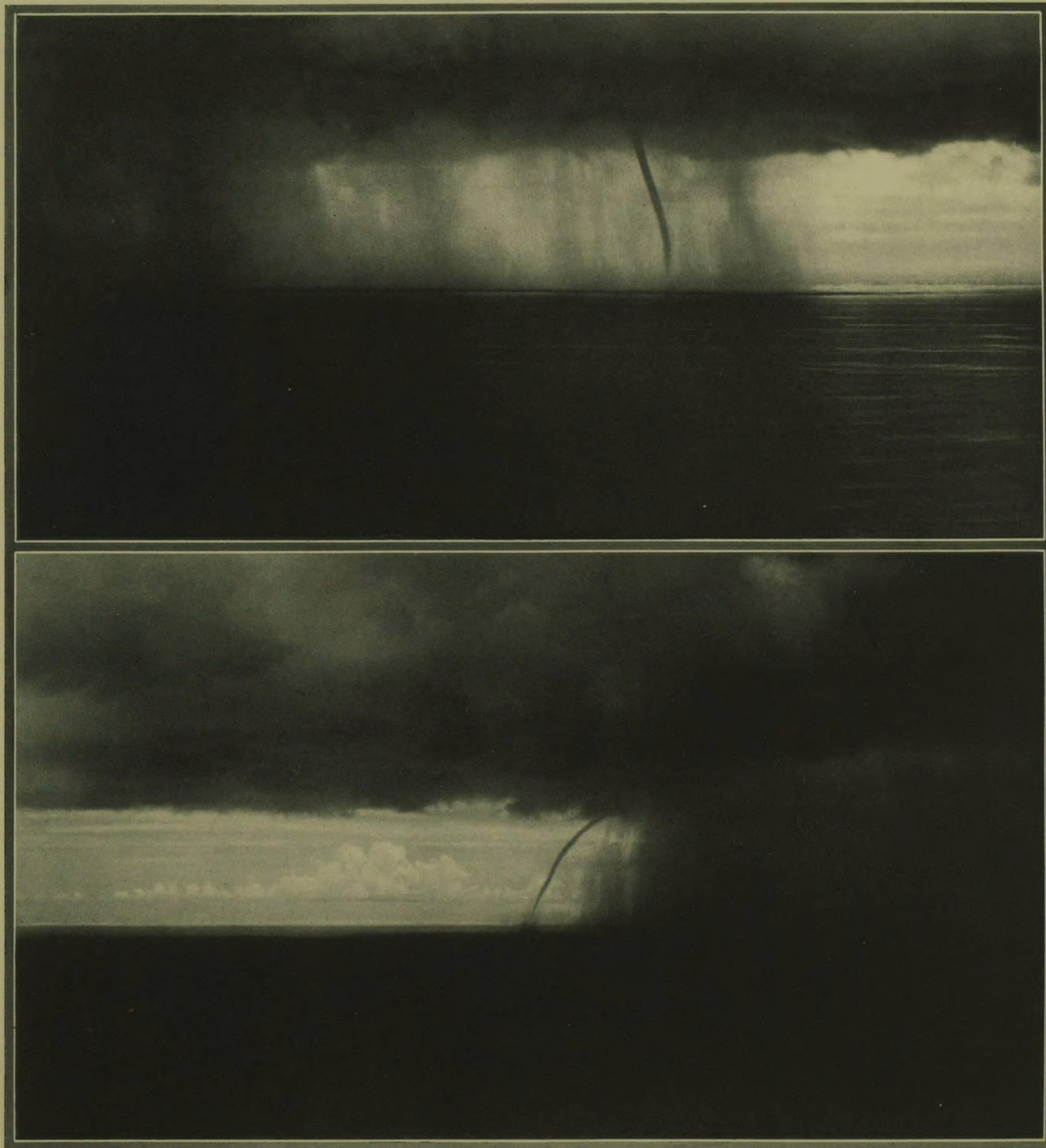


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1931.

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## THE FIRST "MOVIES" OF A WATERSPOUT TAKEN FROM THE AIR: TWO PHASES OF A SPECTACULAR PHENOMENON PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT OVER THE SEA NEAR HAVANA.

These unique film photographs were taken during the National Geographic Society's aerial survey, from Washington to Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile. In "The National Geographic Magazine," Mr. Frederick Simpich writes: "Just as we had cameras ready to film Havana Harbour, a waterspout broke from clouds. We flew around it and made the first motion pictures of a spout ever taken from a plane. In both 'movies' and stills, we recorded its whole span of life (seven

minutes). First we saw its evil black ribbon, writhing and snake-like, drop from the sky (upper illustration). Then we watched it thicken and straighten into a whirling, 600-foot, chimney-like column that churned the ocean to spray where it poured down (lower photograph). Then it crooked slowly into a huge elbow, its lower end lifting from the sea and swaying leisurely, like the frayed tail of a super-horse. Finally, this great grey tail swung upward and faded into heavy rain."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN A. W. STEVENS. BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, OF WASHINGTON.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE was a time when I was asked, with quite a curious persistence, what I thought of Mr. Bernard Shaw and what he thought of Professor Einstein. It was especially in connection with certain remarks about the nature of Great Men, and his reasons for limiting the list to some and excluding others. I had no difficulty at the time in answering that I thought of Mr. Bernard Shaw very much as I have always thought of him; and that I should have no difficulty in admitting him to my list of Great Men, though perhaps my list might be a little longer, and perhaps a little more liberal, than his. I actually wrote a book about him in the ancient days; and I am happy to say that he reviewed it himself, with the typical opening: "This is the best book of criticism that I have yet produced." And what I said then is very much what I should say still. There is no very fundamental antagonism between Mr. Bernard Shaw and myself except in one fact—that he is a Puritan and I am, at least relatively, a Pagan. It is true that I have become a Christian, but that is a thing that happened to quite a large number of Pagans. Only I never became a Puritan; and it seems to me that Mr. Shaw never became anything else.

Of course I know that there are a number of things to which his actual attitude would be merely negative or sceptical, as compared with my own; but those things never affect me as real or ultimate disagreements, but merely as matters which he does not happen to have understood even sufficiently to disagree. They are part of a heritage of negation from the rebels, of the nineteenth and eighteenth centuries, a rebellion that has become almost respectable with age. It is almost a mark of being behind the times to go on talking merely of traditional religion. What we have to deal with in the modern world is traditional irreligion. The period between Voltaire and Bernard Shaw is merely the period of the rise and decline of something that began as a joke and ended as a prejudice. Nobody will deny the wit of Shaw, any more than the wit of Voltaire; but these sceptical or negative notions are not even the jokes of Shaw; they are merely the prejudices of Shaw. The jokes of Shaw have been much more serious and socially useful things, and have been directed against things much more modern than ecclesiastical abuses which have long ago been more than sufficiently abused. They have been directed against the spiritual pride of physical science; against the Doctor's Dilemma, and not merely against the Curate's Egg—a rather ancient egg which, after all, was always excellent in parts. They have been directed against the worldliness of San Francisco rather than the unworldliness of St. Francis. If he made fun of America, it was at least at the moment when America was being taken most seriously, and at the moment when the seriousness was certainly a form of snobbishness. I have never been disturbed by his disbelieving the things he does not understand, and I have always been delighted with his

disbelieving the things he does understand; such as the Darwinian Theory or the Capitalist State. I should never be so stupid as to mistake Mr. Bernard Shaw for an irreligious man. He seems to me, in a rather special and vivid sense, to be a religious man. But there is always that deeper difference, and it is involved in the nature of the religion. And, if I wanted a profound illustration of the difference that I mean, whether or no it is a difference I could explain, I could find it in a remark made in this discussion about Einstein and Great Men, a remark that may not seem to have anything to do with religion at all.

Mr. Shaw is reported—and I apologise if he is mis-reported—as saying that he would hesitate to admit Napoleon into his select club of heroes; and that "it would have been better for the world if Napoleon had never lived." To which I answer that, if Napoleon had never lived, then certainly Bernard Shaw would have never lived. At any rate, if Napoleon had not succeeded in being Napoleon, Shaw would not have succeeded in being Shaw.

For certainly if Napoleon, or some revolutionary soldier nearly as competent as Napoleon (there

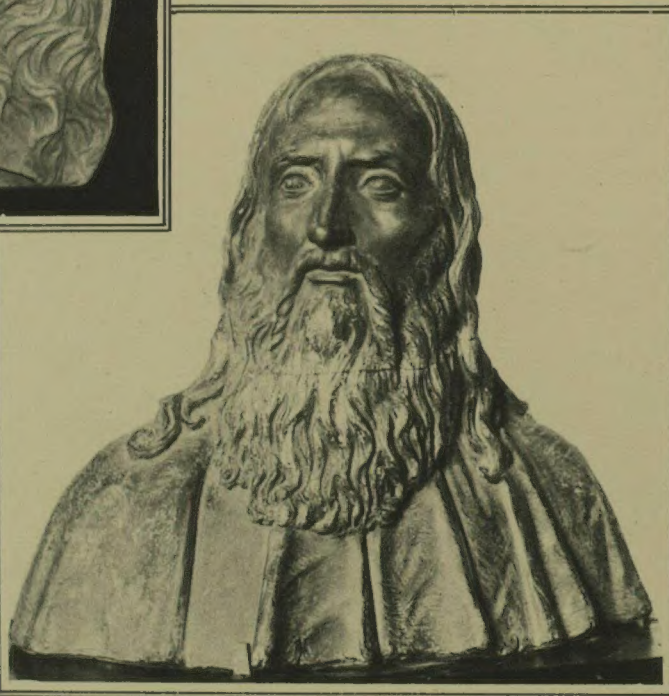
the intellect and imagination would have been utterly and perhaps finally destroyed. All that we call the modern world, with all its good and evil, was made by Napoleon; at any rate, was made possible by Napoleon. And among the various products of that original revolutionary expansion was the particular theory of reconstruction which we call Socialism. Now, I take it as certain that, if the Revolution had not become militant, and been successfully defended by a man of military genius, it would have been easily crushed by the old oligarchies and despotic systems; and, having been easily crushed, would have been easily forgotten. There would have remained no legend of revolutionary victory, and therefore, alas! for human nature, very little of revolutionary heroism. There would probably have remained, for centuries afterwards, not a gleam of revolutionary hope. I am merely stating the historical, and especially the practical, probabilities. I do not discuss here how far the balance would have been for evil or good. We should doubtless have avoided many annoying forms of anarchical nonsense, such as still manage to live on the tradition of the triumph of France. We should have been less troubled with some mistaken mob movements, and some much more poisonous secret societies. But we should have missed some good things as well. We should have missed social reform as the serious preoccupation of the nineteenth century; we should have missed Socialism; and we should have missed Shaw.

Now, I can heartily respect, and even sympathise with, some jolly old English Tory who still regards Bonaparte as Boney. I can understand the genial reactionary, like Mr. Sapsea, who continues through all Continental changes to drink the toast, "When the French come over, may we meet them at Dover." But I should hardly have thought of associating Mr. Sapsea with Mr. Shaw. And, whatever may be the true story of the punishment of St. Helena, it seems rather hard on Napoleon that he should endure not only an eternal punishment, but a double punishment; one from all the reactionaries he defeated and the other from all the reformers he defended. It was the expansion of Napoleonic France that established everywhere the modern theories of civic right and equal opportunity, and the very name of that justice is the Code Napoléon. In the face of these facts, I naturally ask myself—why does a man like Mr. Shaw hate Napoleon? Why does a man like Mr. Wells hate Napoleon? The only sincere answer is that it is the mark of the Nonconformist always to hate Napoleon.

It would take a long time to explain. A vague notion that a soldier is a naughty man; that he wears a cocked hat and sometimes even a cockade or a feather in it; that bodily fighting is always a blackguardly way of dealing with any position, however provocative; that soldiery is associated with canteens and cans: these and a thousand other things have created in the mind of the modern Puritan the mood of the modern Pacifist. We can all understand, and Napoleon himself would entirely understand, the higher sense in which it may be said that glory is vanity. But the Puritan always insists, not that glory is vanity, but that glory is infamy. He thinks this sort of action, this sort of ambition, not only the worst but the most horrible; he thinks there is no smell so foul as the smell of gunpowder. I think the smell of the hair-oil of hypocritical peace-mongering infinitely more offensive. Nobody will accuse Mr. Shaw's work of smelling like that; but there does come from it sometimes, suddenly, this strange smell of the Puritan; and it is then that I can answer our old question: Do we Agree?



ONE OF THE FIRST KNOWN SCULPTURED PORTRAITS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AMERICA: A MARBLE BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING HIM IN MIDDLE LIFE.



RESEMBLING A PROFILE DRAWING IN THE AMBROSIANA GALLERY AT MILAN: A TERRA-COTTA BUST OF LEONARDO DA VINCI AT THE AGE OF ABOUT SIXTY, ALSO FOUND IN AMERICA.

These sculptures were discovered in America by Mr. Gregor Aharon, of New York, by whose courtesy we reproduce the photographs, and were taken by him to Milan for exhibition in the Castello Sforzesco. A Reuter message from that city states that crowds gather daily to inspect the sculptures, which are the first portraits of Leonardo da Vinci in that medium known to the present generation. The marble bas-relief, representing him at about forty, was found by Mr. Aharon at Boston, in the shop of an antiquary who had bought it from a collector. It had been in America over seventy years, and is believed to have come originally from the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in Milan. The terra-cotta bust, slightly damaged, shows the great Italian master aged about sixty. It resembles the profile drawing of him in the Ambrosiana Gallery at Milan, and is believed to have been done from life by one of his pupils. Mr. Aharon wished these works to be seen first at Milan—a city so closely associated with Leonardo—but intends to exhibit them later elsewhere. Pope Pius XI. (formerly Archbishop of Milan) has expressed a desire that they should be shown in Rome.

may have been one or two others who could have proved competent), had not appeared to save the French Revolution from the invading forces of the aristocracies and autocracies, reaction would have shut down on the first republican hope like a trap of iron, and all the democratic dreams that have since filled



# THE NEW DELHI INAUGURATION: INDIA'S CAPITAL IN PICTURE-MAPS.

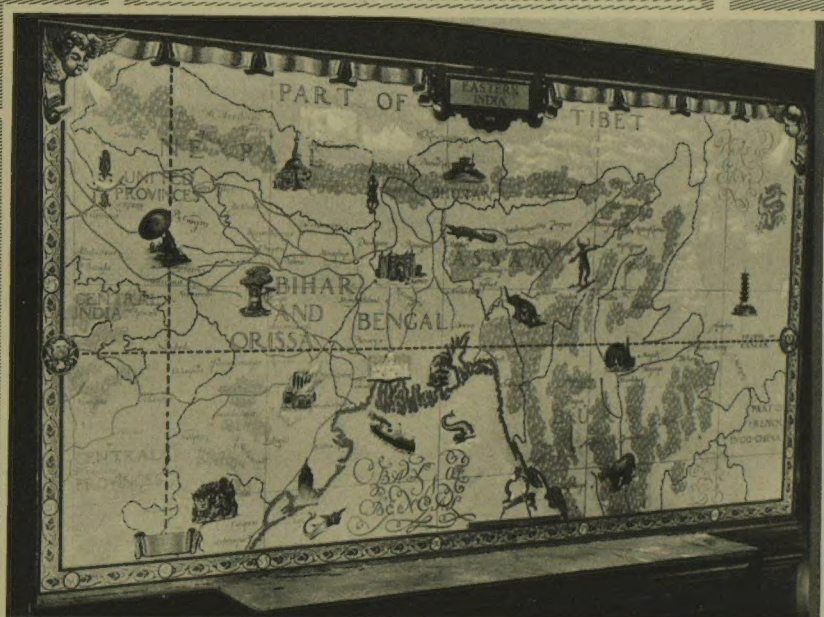
NO. 1 FROM THE PAINTING BY M. C. SHOOSMITH (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED); NOS. 2 AND 3 BY INDIAN ARTISTS SUPERVISED BY MR. PERCY BROWN.



1. THE CAPITAL OF INDIA (ABOUT TO BE OFFICIALLY INAUGURATED) REPRESENTED IN PICTORIAL CARTOGRAPHY OF AN AMUSING TYPE: "A MAP OF NEW DELHI, AND OF THE SEVEN ANCIENT CITIES OF DELHI, TOGETHER WITH MANY CURIOUS SIGHTS THEREUNTO APPERTAINING," SHOWING THE "LAY-OUT" OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AND THE VICEROY'S HOUSE, AND INCLUDING HUMOURS OF THE ROAD AND THE RIVER, AND OF THE NATIVE JEWEL MARKET.



2. PICTORIAL CARTOGRAPHY IN THE DECORATION OF THE VICEROY'S HOUSE AT NEW DELHI: A MURAL PICTURE-MAP, IN MEDIEVAL STYLE, IN THE VICEROY'S COUNCIL ROOM, INCLUDING NEW DELHI (TOP, RIGHT) AND BOMBAY.

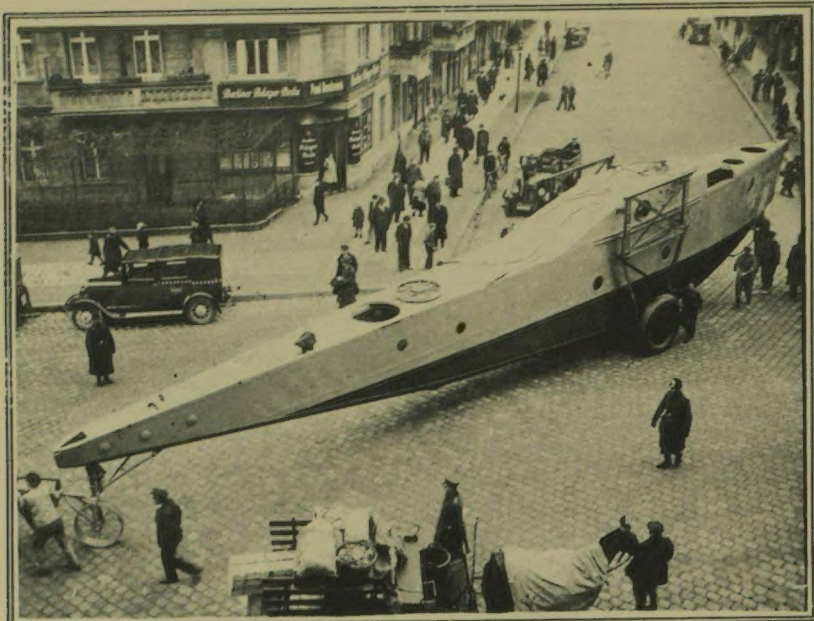


3. SHOWING INDIA'S FORMER CAPITAL, CALCUTTA (MARKED BY THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL), AND BURMA (REPRESENTED BY A PEACOCK AND A PAGODA): A MAP (ADJOINING NO. 2) ON A WALL OF THE VICEROY'S COUNCIL ROOM.

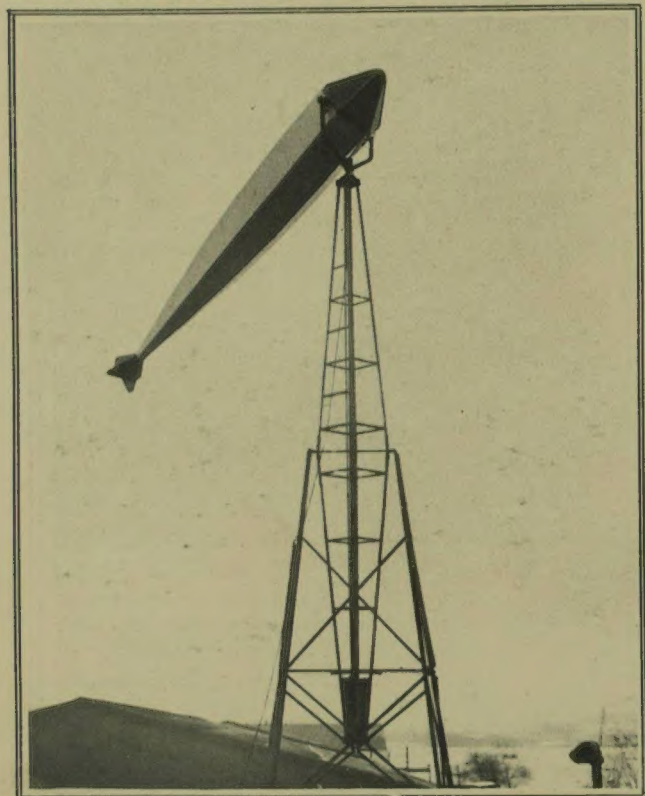
New Delhi, the splendid capital of India (illustrated in our last number), is to be officially inaugurated by a week of ceremonies and festivities beginning on February 9. The map shown in No. 1, by Mrs. M. C. Shoosmith, forms a sequel to the same artist's drawing (given in our issue of January 4, 1930) of a Viceregal ceremony depicted after the Moghul manner, and portraying the Viceroy (Lord Irwin) receiving models of the new Government buildings from the architects, Sir Edwin Lutyens and Sir Herbert Baker. In a note on her picture-map (likewise originally in colour), she writes: "The inauguration includes the dedication of the War Memorial shown at one end of the processional King's Way leading to the Viceroy's House, and the unveiling of the Dominion Columns between the two blocks of the Secretariat. The Council House, where two Congressmen are shown arguing, is the home of the Legislative Assembly. Flagstaff House, the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, is represented by a Gurkha on guard. Those who have toured in India will appreciate the humours of the road, and remember

the temptations of the jewel-sellers in the Chandni Chauk." The two lower picture-maps belong to a series forming mural decorations of the Viceroy's Council Room in the Viceroy's House. The scheme was carried out by Indian artists (including Mohammedans, Hindus, and Bengalis) under the supervision of Mr. Percy Brown, A.R.C.A., the distinguished Secretary and Curator of the Victoria Memorial Hall, Calcutta. Three walls bear maps representing the four quarters of India, and the fourth wall a map of the air route from Delhi to London. In No. 2 (the left-hand map on the south wall) New Delhi is seen, with the Viceregal flag above the dome. Agra is marked by the Taj Mahal, Bombay by "the Gateway of India," and Jodhpur by a polo-player. In No. 3 (the right-hand map on the same wall), Calcutta is indicated by the Victoria Memorial; Lucknow by the hand-and-fish emblem; Benares by a *Sunyasi* beneath a bamboo umbrella; Gya by the Buddha seated under the Bo Tree; Darjeeling by a thunderbolt (*dorji*); and Mandalay (in Burma) by a peacock and a pagoda.





**AIRCRAFT DISMANTLED FOR LAND TRANSPORT: THE HULL OF A BIG "ROHRBACH-ROMAR" FLYING-BOAT HAULED THROUGH BERLIN ON ITS WAY TO A PORT**  
In our last issue we gave two photographs of this giant "Rohrbach-Romar" flying-boat, built by the German firm of Rohrbach for the French Air Ministry, to be delivered as a Reparations payment in kind. One photograph showed a crowd of men standing on the single pair of wings as a test of rigidity, while the other showed the machine in flight over the Baltic during trials near Travenmünde. In the above illustration the wingless hull is seen on its way to that port.



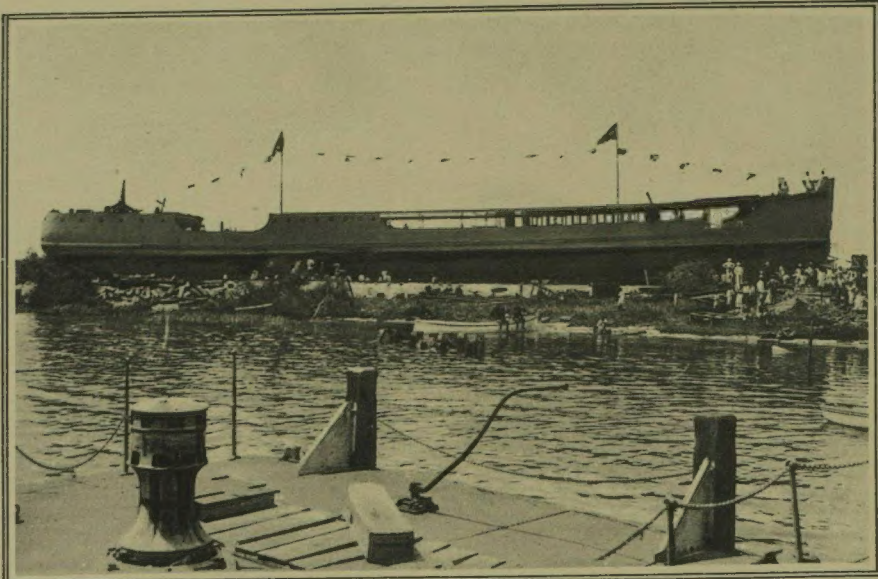
**A "WEATHERCOCK" FOR AIRMEN RESEMBLING AN AIRSHIP ATTACHED TO A MOORING-MAST: A NEW WIND-INDICATOR.**  
Among the latest devices connected with aviation adopted in America is the new type of wind-indicator shown in the above illustration, installed on the aerodrome buildings at Bolling Field, Washington, D.C. At night it is illuminated. In case there should be no wind, it can be turned in the direction of the most suitable landing-place for aeroplanes.



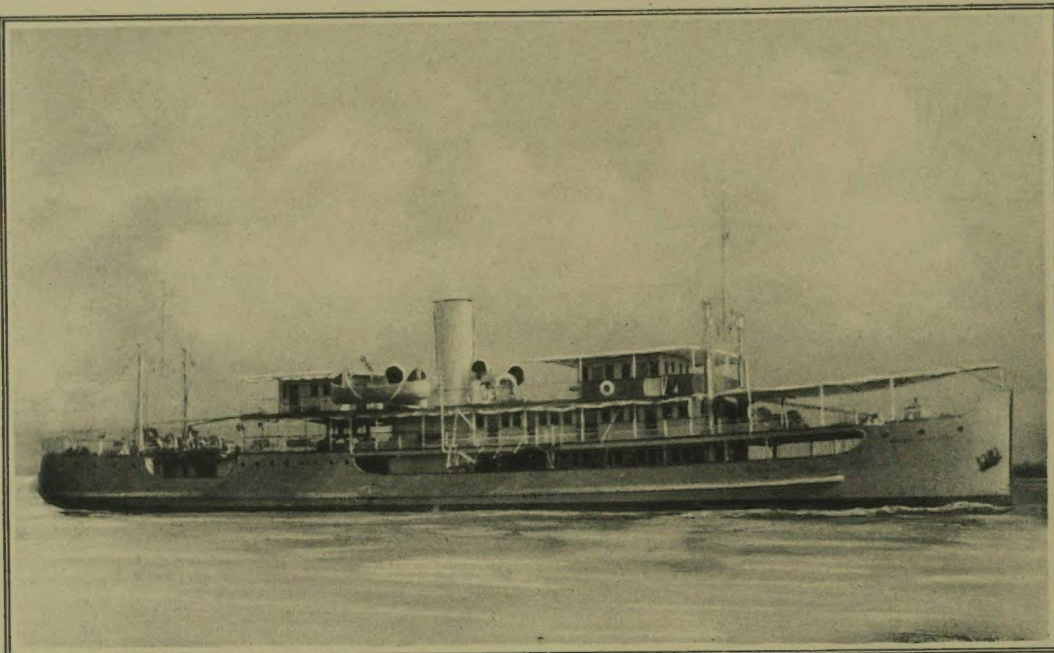
**MANSION-LIKE ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION AFLOAT: THE FIREPLACE IN THE SMOKING-ROOM OF THE NEW MOTOR-LINER "WARWICK CASTLE," WHICH RECENTLY STARTED ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE.**

The new motor-liner "Warwick Castle" (20,500 tons gross), which left Southampton on January 30 for her maiden voyage to South Africa, is the fifth motor-ship added to the Union Castle Line, and a sister ship to the "Winchester Castle." Both were built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff at Belfast. Their public rooms are of similar dimensions, but differ in the scheme of decoration. The cargo space contains cold storage for 4000 tons of South African fruit.

## AIR AND SEA NAVIGATION: SOME MODERNITIES AND A RELIC.



**A NEW LAKE-STEAMER, BUILT IN ENGLAND, DISMANTLED FOR TRANSPORT TO CENTRAL AFRICA, AND RE-ERECTED ON ARRIVAL: THE S.S. "ROBERT CORYNDON" BEING "REASSEMBLED" ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ALBERT.**



**RE-ERECTED AND AFLOAT: THE NEW STEAMER, "CORYNDON," BUILT AT SOUTHAMPTON, DISMANTLED, AND SHIPPED TO AFRICA IN PARTS, UNDER WAY ON LAKE ALBERT.**

The above two photographs illustrate a remarkable feat of shipbuilding and transport recently carried to a successful issue by the well-known firm of John I. Thornycroft and Co. The design of the lake-steamer, S.S. "Robert Coryndon," necessitated great ingenuity, as she had to be shipped to Africa in parts and then transported overland from the coast to Lake Albert. The vessel was built at Southampton and then completely dismantled and shipped to Mombasa, whence the parts were sent by the Kenya and Uganda metre-gauge railway to its terminus at Namasagali. The final seventy-five miles was a hazardous journey by road transport to Butiaba, on the lake shore. There the ship was reassembled and successfully re-launched, to the great satisfaction of the Marine Superintendent of the Kenya and Uganda Railways and Harbours Company. The "Coryndon" is 207 ft. long, and is well equipped, in modern style, for passengers and cargo.



**GERMANY'S TREASURED PROTOTYPE OF A FORM OF SHIPBUILDING IN WHICH SHE ONCE SPECIALISED: AN EXHIBIT IN THE NAUTICAL SCIENCE MUSEUM AT BERLIN, DESCRIBED AS "THE FIRST SUBMARINE."**

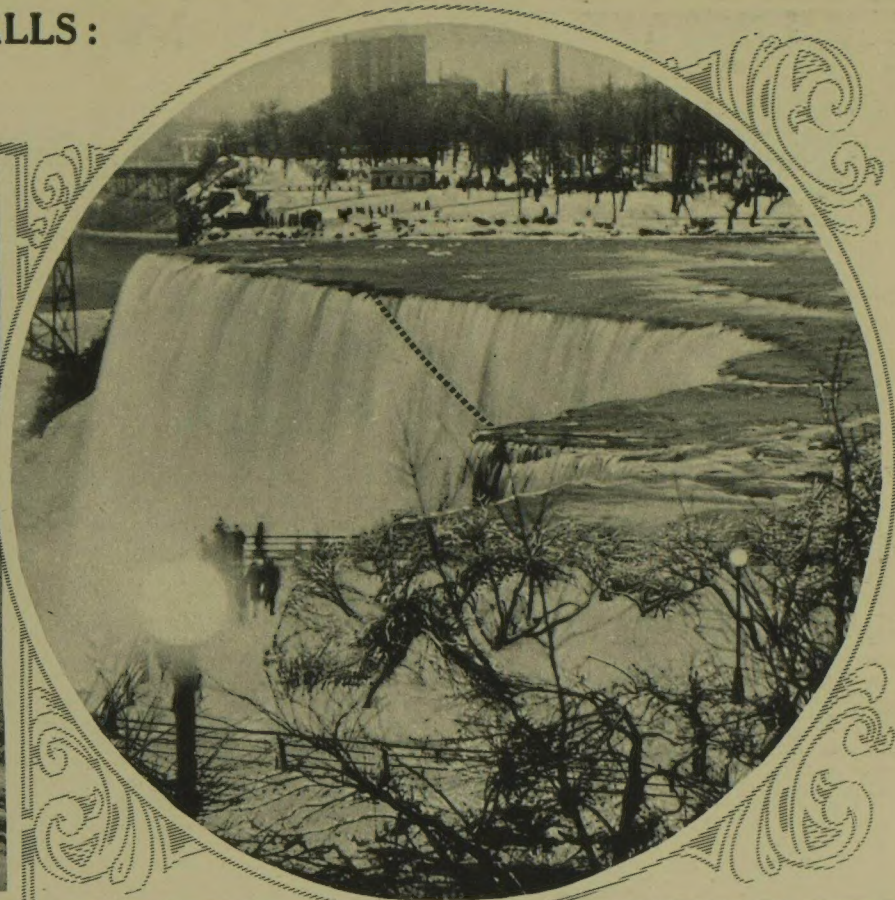
"The Nautical Science Museum in Berlin," says an explanatory note supplied with this photograph, "is the most visited of all the museums in the German capital. The visitors are for the most part schoolboys, who enthusiastically study the exhibits from all angles. Here they can see nearly all the things they had pictured to themselves from the thrilling sea-adventures in their books." The vessel here shown is described as "the first submarine, built eighty years ago."



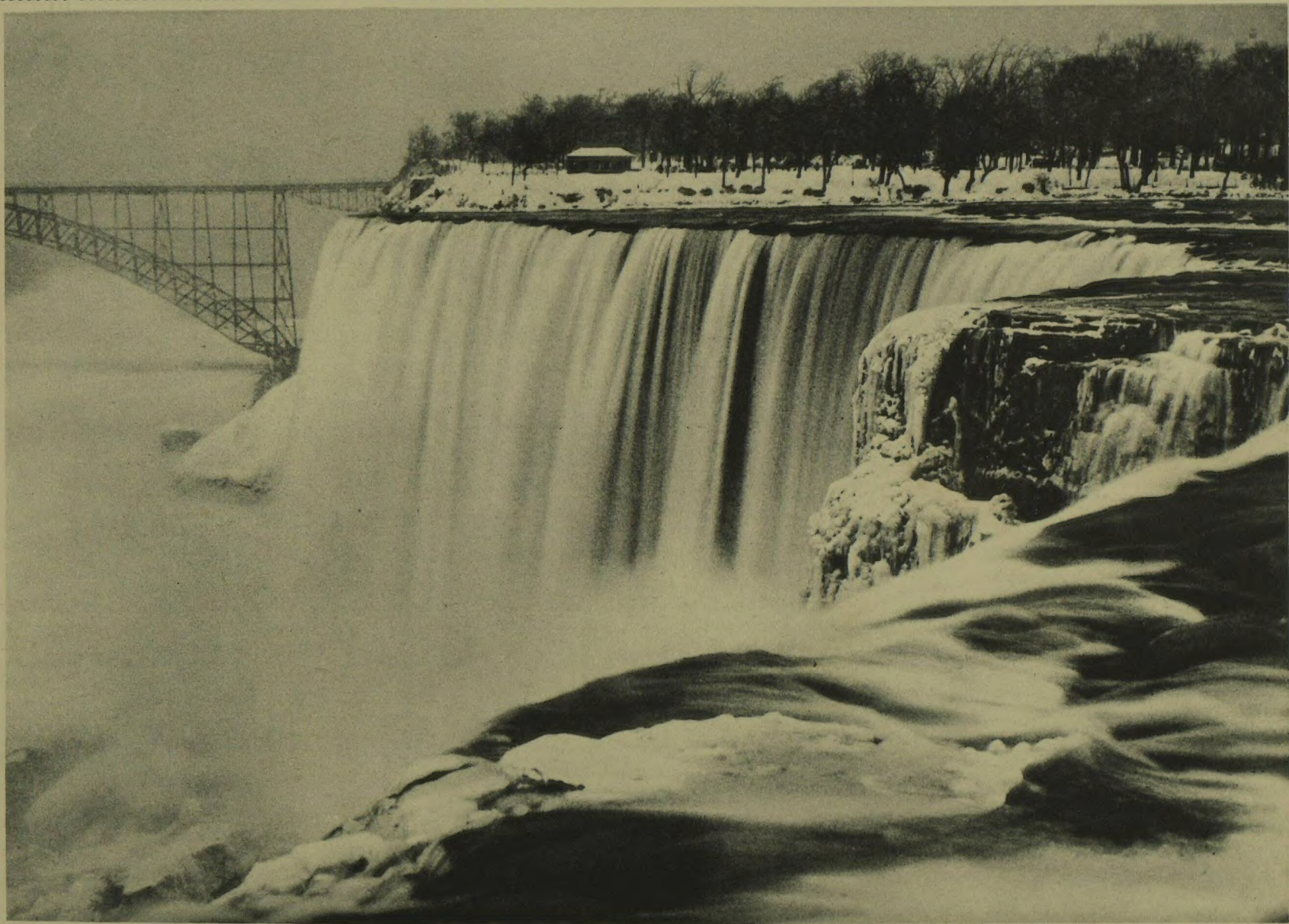
## THE NEW NOTCH IN NIAGARA FALLS: A GREAT CHANGE IN THE EDGE.



AFTER THE GREAT SLIDE ON THE AMERICAN SIDE OF NIAGARA FALLS: HUGE BLOCKS OF THE ROCK AND ICE WHICH FELL FROM THE EDGE AS A RESULT OF THE EROSION CAUSED BY THE CONSTANT DOWNPOUR OF THE WATERS.



THE NEW INDENTATION—WITH THE ORIGINAL POSITION OF THE EDGE INDICATED BY A DOTTED LINE: NIAGARA FALLS AFTER THE SLIDE WHICH HAS MUCH ALTERED THE FAMILIAR OUTLINE OF THE AMERICAN SIDE.



"THE GREATEST CHANGE IN THE CONTOUR OF THE FALLS SINCE THEIR EXISTENCE BECAME KNOWN TO WHITE PEOPLE": THE OUTLINE OF THE AMERICAN SIDE OF NIAGARA FALLS AS IT NOW IS, AFTER A RECESSION BY NO MEANS "NEGLECTIBLE"!

As much as a thousand tons of rock slid from the edge of Niagara Falls recently, thanks to the erosion caused by the constant downpour of the waters. The result is a new crescent-shaped indentation in the outline between Prospect Point and Luna Island—on the American side. This indentation is estimated at from 150 ft. to 200 ft. wide and 150 ft. deep; and it is responsible for the greatest change in the contour of the Falls since their existence became known to white people. The roar and reverberation as the mass of rock and ice plunged over the lip caused some inhabitants of the neighbourhood to think that an earthquake had begun. As the débris reached the lower river, where it piled

up to a height of nearly 100 ft., huge clouds of mist and spray rose and obscured the spectacle. Later, aeroplanes of the Niagara State Reservation Commission flew over the Falls and made a preliminary survey of the extent of the change. Though engineers have stated that the occurrence will not affect power development (energy amounting to over 1,000,000 h.p. in all is developed by the various Niagara power-stations), faith has been shaken in the belief that erosion at the Falls can be controlled or disregarded as insignificant; for that belief was based on the assumption that the Horseshoe Falls (Canadian side) were cutting back at a decreasing rate and that any recession of the American Falls was "negligible."

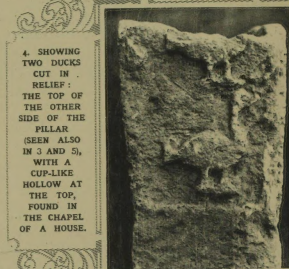


# DOMESTIC RELIGION IN UR 4000 YEARS AGO: A GODDESS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM



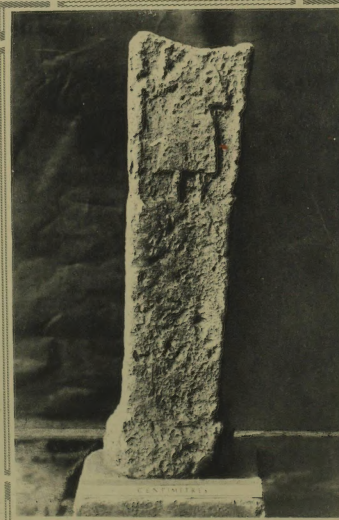
3. SHOWING A HUMAN FIGURE: A SIDE VIEW OF THE TOP OF A CURIOUSLY-CARVED PILLAR, FOUND IN THE CHAPEL OF PA-SAG IN A PRIVATE HOUSE AT UR.



4. SHOWING TWO DUCKS CUT IN RELIEF: THE TOP OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PILLAR SEEN ALSO IN 3 AND 5, WITH A CUP-LIKE HOLLOW AT THE TOP, FOUND IN THE CHAPEL OF A HOUSE.



1. "THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY" AMONG THE PRIVATE HOUSES FOUND AT UR: A LITTLE CHAPEL, PRACTICALLY UNDISTURBED, DATING FROM ABOUT 2000 B.C., DEDICATED TO THE GODDESS PA-SAG—A VIEW SHOWING THE INCENSE-HEARTH.



5. WITH A HUMAN FIGURE ROUGHLY FASHIONED IN RELIEF AT THE TOP: THE FRONT OF THE CURIOUSLY-CARVED LIMESTONE PILLAR (SEEN ALSO IN ILLUSTRATIONS NOS. 3 AND 4 ON THIS PAGE) FOUND AT UR IN THE CHAPEL OF A PRIVATE HOUSE DEDICATED TO THE GODDESS PA-SAG. (HEIGHT OF THE ACTUAL PILLAR, 75 CENTIMETRES.)

2. WHERE SOME CITIZEN OF UR OFFERED SACRIFICE TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS ABOUT 4000 YEARS AGO: A MUD ALTAR IN THE CHAPEL OF A PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE RESIDENTIAL QUARTER OF THE CITY.

These photographs illustrate a unique discovery of extraordinary interest made at Ur during the ninth year of excavations by the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Pennsylvania University Museum, under the leadership of Mr. C. Leonard Woolley. In his article given on the succeeding page he deals with the wonderful results at the royal burial places. The subject of the above illustrations is described by him in the following supplementary note: "During December the Expedition has been at work on two sites; while half the men have been clearing the superstructure and underground tombs of the great building in which were buried the kings of the Third Dynasty of Ur, the other half have been digging out private houses in the residential quarter to the south-east of the city. In the private houses the most important discovery has been that of a little chapel, practically undisturbed (Photograph No. 1),

# OF DESERT TRAVEL DISCOVERED IN A PRIVATE CHAPEL.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE NEXT PAGE.)



6. STANDING IN ITS NICHE AS FOUND, WHERE IT HAD REMAINED BURIED FOR SOME FOUR THOUSAND YEARS, IN THE CHAPEL OF A PRIVATE HOUSE AT UR: THE 32-CM. HIGH FIGURE OF THE GODDESS PA-SAG, PROTECTRESS OF TRAVELLERS IN THE DESERT—AN OBJECT, THOUGH NOT BEAUTIFUL, OF GREAT INTEREST AS ONE OF THE VERY FEW STATUES DISCOVERED THROUGHOUT THE EXCAVATIONS.



7. A BULL-LEGGED DEMON: A STRANGE FIGURE IN COLOURED TERRA-COTTA RELIEF (ABOUT 2 FT. HIGH) FOUND OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL.



8. ORIGINALLY TALLER, THE FEET HAVING BEEN BROKEN AND THE STUMPS EMBEDDED IN THE PESTAL WITH BITUMEN: THE STATUE OF PA-SAG. (SEE NO. 6.)



9. UR COSTUME: A STATUE FROM THE CHAPEL—THE EYES INLAID WITH LAPIS, SHELL, AND STEATITE; THE NOSE ADDED IN PLASTER. (53 CM. HIGH.)

dedicated to a goddess (Nos. 6 and 8) whose function appears to have been the protection of travellers along the desert tracks. It dates to about 2000 B.C. The statue of the goddess (Pa-Sag) stood in its niche (No. 6) in the tiny sanctuary, and a second statue lay fallen on the floor of the main chamber, where, too, lay a curiously-carved limestone pillar with a cup-like hollow at the top (Nos. 3, 4, and 5). Outside the door was one of the clay reliefs which had decorated the facade, a figure, two feet high, of a bull-legged demon (No. 7). Small votive objects were in a corner room: clay pots and a number of inscribed tablets littered the floor of the sanctuary. The statues of the goddess were neither beautiful nor of fine workmanship; but throughout all our digging at Ur statues have been hitherto few and far between, and only one complete one had yet come to light; the shrine of Pa-Sag therefore ranks high amongst our discoveries."



# GREAT DISCOVERIES AT UR:

MAGNIFICENT BUILDINGS OF ABOUT 2250 B.C.: BURIAL-PLACES OF MYSTERIOUS KINGS, RULERS OF A MIGHTY EMPIRE LONG BEFORE NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, Leader of the joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania to Mesopotamia.  
(See also Illustrations on the two preceding Pages.)

THE discovery of the burial-place of the great kings of the Third Dynasty of Ur has already been fully reported: the work of excavation, hampered by the need to strengthen the vaults with timbering, is still incomplete, but enough progress



"ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE BUILDINGS WE HAVE YET UNEARTHED": STAIRWAYS TO UNDERGROUND TOMBS IN THE SOUTH-EAST ANNEXE OF BUR-SIN, KING OF UR OVER 4000 YEARS AGO—SHOWING A TOMB ENTRANCE IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND.

This annexe to the great buildings of King Dungi (c. 2250 B.C.), at Ur, was constructed by his son, King Bur-Sin, and has a similar arrangement of staircases descending to tombs below the chambers. The passage vaults were once divided into two storeys by a wooden floor. After the funeral the whole pit had been filled in solid with earth. The above photograph shows a room after the floor and an altar had been removed and the earth filling dug out, with brick stairways going down to the doors of tombs. One tomb door, with part of its blocking removed, is seen in the background.

has been made to justify a description of the whole building. The most important part is the central structure erected by King Dungi, circa 2250 B.C.; its plan is that of a private house with central courtyard and rooms opening off it; the entrance is on the north-east; the tombs lie along the north-west and south-west sides; the walls, of burnt brick and bitumen, are enormously thick; the outer corners are rounded; the building measures, externally, about 132 ft. by 105 ft.: all this imposing superstructure was subsidiary to the tombs.

The tombs were built first, in a huge L-shaped pit cut down into the deposit left by the Flood, and in connection with them there seems to have been a temporary superstructure used for the actual funeral rites. The walls which lined the pit and supported the corbelled vaults were carried up to, or above, ground-level, and between them and against them there would appear to have been timber constructions. Through a wide brick doorway on the north-east side of the main shaft a flight of brick steps led down to a platform in the pit, open to the sky; from this more flights of steps ran down to right and left under colossal vaults, whose height at the stairs' bottom was 26 ft.; the south-east stairway leads directly into a tomb whose lower vault prolongs its line;

while that to the right ends in a landing from which a doorway in the north-east wall gives access to a double-chambered tomb running the full width of the building.

It is probable that, at the time of the burial, the great passage-vaults were divided into two storeys by a wooden floor, the beams for whose support were set in holes in the brickwork of the walls on the level of the central platform, so that the funeral procession passed down the stairs through a gap in the floor of what was otherwise a single room open in the middle and vaulted at either end. After the funeral the doorway at the top of the stairs was bricked up and the whole pit was filled in solid with earth—but not, it would seem, before some daring thief had pulled away the upper bricks of the blocking of the tomb door and had plundered its contents. Above ground-level the staircase-door was masked so cleverly as to defy detection; the temporary structures were removed and the permanent building was erected; its court and chambers were at a lower level, and through two doorways steps led to the high pavement which now overlay the vaults and stairways in the buried pit.

The ground-plan of the superstructure was, as I have said, that of a private house, but it was the house, not of a living man, but of the deified king, who, having once been human, required for his occupation a house rather than a temple. Just as the private person was buried below his house floor, so the king in his tomb lay beneath a building in which he might be supposed still to live. But the rooms were turned to uses unknown in the ordinary dwelling; in many of them, and always where they lay over tomb-chambers, there were altars for sacrifice and libation. One of these, built of bricks and bitumen, was found almost intact; on the top of its narrow channels ran parallel with the edge, and then turned outwards to empty into six small fire-places set against the altar-front. It reminded us of a ritual text in which the worshipper enumerates the "seven sweet-scented oils which I have put upon seven fires," for it was clear that over the channels there were set vases of oil whose contents would trickle down into the separate fires beneath.

When the Elamites conquered Ur and brought the Third Dynasty to an inglorious end, they did not spare the tombs of the kings; every vault has been dug into from above, and every altar more or

less pulled up. In each of the doorways opening on the central court we found fragments of thin gold plate which had once adorned the doors, and in one a twisted bit of sheet gold set with shield-shaped *tesserae* of lapis-lazuli, part of the rich veneer which encased the walls. To-day we have only a shell of bricks and bitumen, robbed of all its old splendour; but, though the treasures have gone and the tombs have been rifled, what survives is a magnificent monument, as powerful a witness to the greatness of the Third Dynasty as is the Ziggurat itself.

Of the two annexes built by King Bur-Sin, one is a smaller edition of his father's work, with the same arrangement of staircases descending to vaults below the chambers, and the same domestic ground-plan of court and encircling rooms; the second, less regularly built, conceals a single great tomb approached from a pit under the courtyard. Had either of them stood alone, we should have hailed it as one of the finest illustrations extant of the builder's craft under the Third Dynasty; as it is, though dwarfed by Dungi's huge work, with its nine-foot walls and

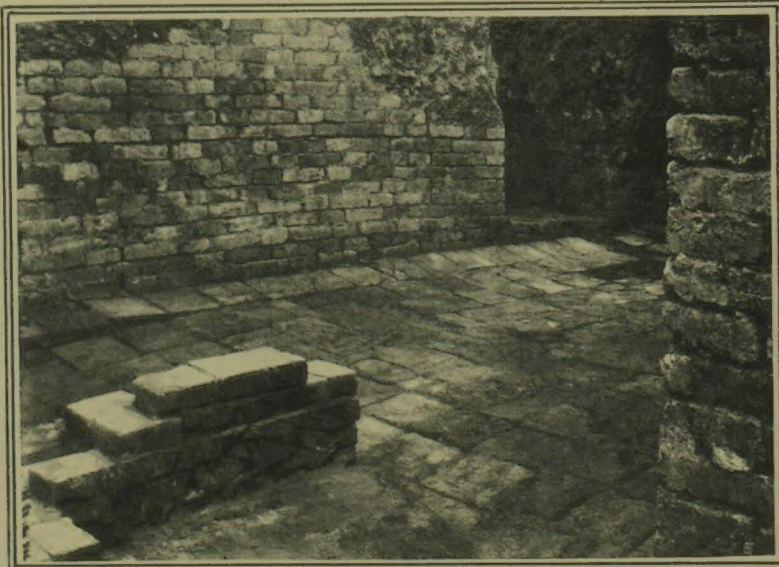


"ONE OF THE FINEST ILLUSTRATIONS EXTANT OF THE BUILDER'S CRAFT OF THE THIRD DYNASTY OF UR": THE SOUTH-EAST ANNEXE OF BUR-SIN, A SMALLER EDITION OF DUNGI'S GREAT STRUCTURE—THE ENTRANCE GATE AND A VIEW THROUGH IT INTO THE COURTYARD.

yawning shaft, they form one of the most impressive buildings we have yet unearthed.

[We append here a further note by Mr. Leonard Woolley, written on another occasion, but dealing with the same subject. Although it covers much the same ground as part of the foregoing article, it is helpful as a re-statement of the facts in different form, rendering the main features of the discovery still clearer.]

The royal burial-place, built by King Dungi in about 2250 B.C., and added to by his son, Bur-Sin, is the finest building that we have yet discovered at Ur, as fine in its way as the Ziggurat which Dungi and his father, Ur-Engur, built. Standing in front of the blocked-up doorway which led to the tombs which Dungi built, one is in a brick-lined pit whose walls rise high above one; from the door, steps go down to a platform at the pit's bottom, and from this more steps, flanked by solid brick balusters, run steeply down on either side. The steps pass under corbelled vaults twenty-six feet high, whose tottering brickwork we have had to secure with heavy timbering; and at the stairs' foot are arched doors leading to the tombs proper, long vaulted chambers, one of them more than fifty feet long, in which the king's body lay. These two tombs we have not yet cleared, but holes in their roofs show only too convincingly that they have shared the fate of those in the buildings of Bur-Sin which we have already excavated; the Elamite invaders who swept down on Ur in about 2170 B.C. left nothing of the treasures of its kings. Invariably the altars in these upper rooms had been torn up, as if in them, too, precious things had been hidden. The upper building was intended for the worship of the dead king, and was planned on the lines of a private house, only distinguished by its magnificence and by the altars and other fittings of a religious nature in its chambers. That magnificence has gone, but the grandeur of the structure remains a worthy monument of Ur's greatest kings.



"A MAGNIFICENT MONUMENT," "AND AS POWERFUL A WITNESS TO THE GREATNESS OF THE THIRD DYNASTY AS THE ZIGGURAT ITSELF": DUNGI'S BUILDING—ONE OF ITS CHAMBERS, WITH REMAINS OF AN ALTAR PLUNDERED IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Photographs by Courtesy of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

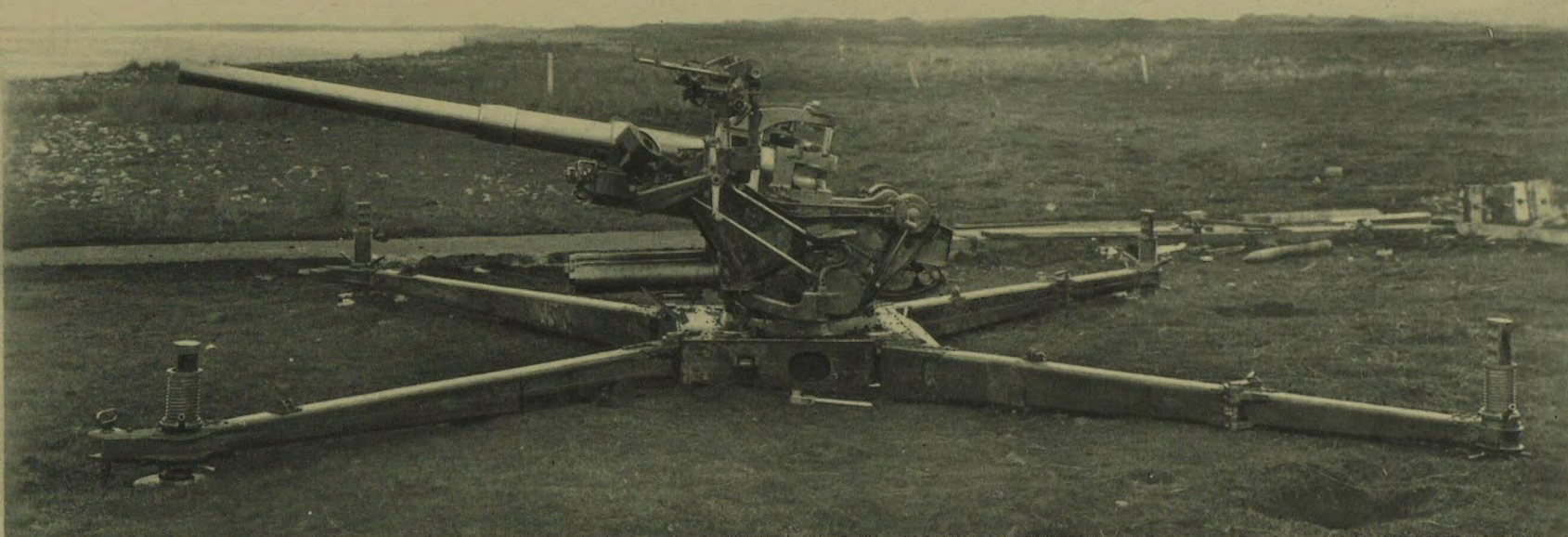


## BRITAIN'S NEW DEFENCE AGAINST AIRCRAFT.

A GUN THAT CAN OUT-TOP EVEREST IN VERTICAL RANGE;  
OR, HORIZONTALLY, ENGAGE TANKS AND ARMoured CARS.

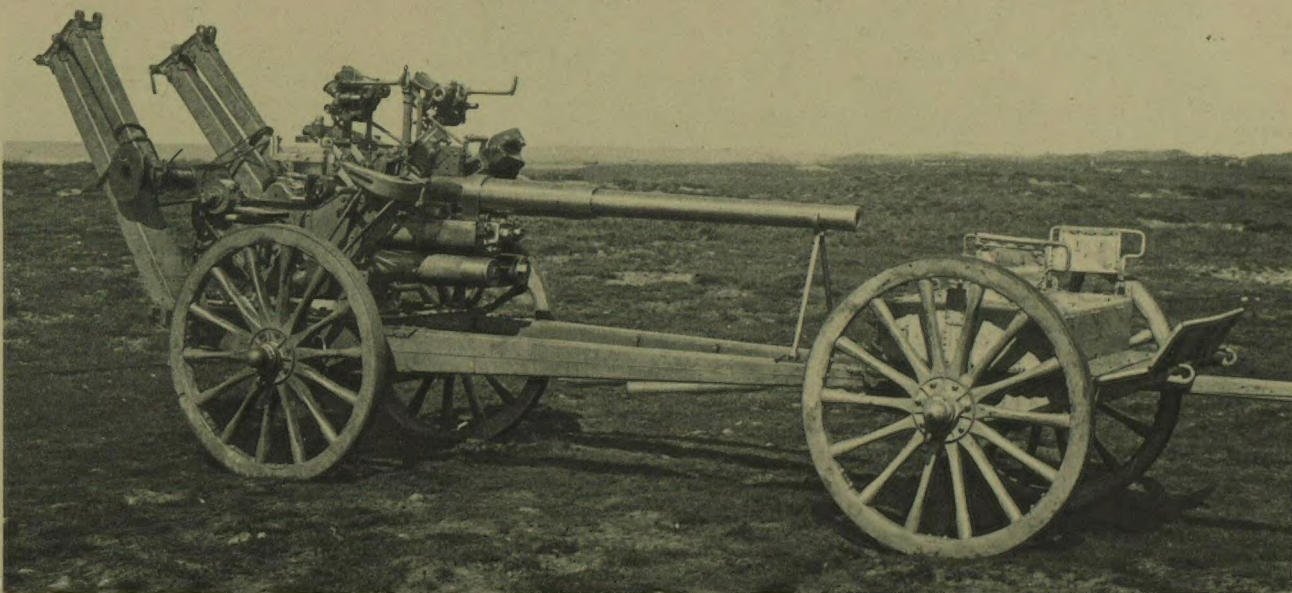


A NEW BRITISH WEAPON FOR AIR DEFENCE WITH A MAXIMUM VERTICAL RANGE OF OVER 30,000 FT. (NEARLY 1000 FT. HIGHER THAN MT. EVEREST, THE WORLD'S LOFTIEST PEAK): THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONG 75-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT MOBILE GUN SHOWN "IN ACTION" WITH HIGH-ANGLE FIRE.



CAPABLE ALSO OF MAINTAINING "ACCURATE AND RAPID FIRE AGAINST RAPIDLY MOVING GROUND TARGETS SUCH AS TANKS AND ARMoured CARS": THE SAME GUN ADJUSTED FOR LOW-ANGLE FIRE, THE LOW HEIGHT OF ITS AXIS FROM THE GROUND AFFORDING IT PERFECT STABILITY EVEN WHEN FIRED HORIZONTALLY.

THESE photographs, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong, illustrate the construction and capabilities of the new quick-firing 75-mm. Anti-Aircraft Mobile Gun designed and built by them. Its maximum vertical range is given as 9235 metres, or over 30,000 ft., considerably higher than Mount Everest (29,141 ft.). During some accuracy tests of the fuze used with this weapon at a quadrant elevation of 70 degrees, the height of the shell-burst was 7300 metres, or about 23,730 ft., higher than the summit of Mount Aconcagua, in the Andes (23,025 ft.). It is interesting to compare the figures also with the world's altitude records for aircraft. The Royal Aero Club Year-Book gives the height record for aeroplanes as 13,157 metres (nearly 43,000 ft.) attained by Lieut. A. Soucek (U.S.A.) last June. The height record for airships is given, by the same authority, as 3080 metres (a little over 10,000 ft.) reached by M. Cohen (France) in 1912. The new gun can be adapted either for horse or mechanical traction. For the latter the wheels are fitted with rubber pads, and the speed is about 22 m.p.h. The change from travelling to firing position is effected in two minutes by a simple rocking movement. For night firing a tracer can be used, showing the path of the shell. Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong claim to have produced "a weapon, which is not only of the first accuracy, up to the limit of its range, for attack on hostile aircraft,



BUILT FOR MOBILITY, EITHER BY HORSE OR MECHANICAL TRACTION: THE GUN IN THE TRAVELLING POSITION, FROM WHICH IT CAN BE CHANGED TO THE FIRING POSITION (OR VICE VERSA) IN TWO MINUTES.

but which, owing to the lowness of the axis and special arrangements for stability, is capable of accurate and rapid fire against rapidly moving ground targets, such as tanks and armoured cars. The gun may thus be described as a 'dual purpose' gun, *i.e.*, for use against aircraft and for engaging fast-moving armoured fighting vehicles."



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: AT HOME



AN AIRMAN'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE THROUGH FORGETTING TO STRAP HIMSELF IN: BURNT WRECKAGE OF AN AEROPLANE THAT STRUCK THE ELECTRIC CABLES (ABOVE). On February 2 Mr. A. C. Myers, during a flight from Nice to Croydon in his "Moth" aeroplane, struck some overhead electric cables at Riggall Road, Dagenham Marshes, Essex, and his machine crashed in flames. A man rushed up and dragged him clear, and he escaped unhurt except for shock. He probably owed his life to the fact that, after landing at Lyngrove to refuel, he forgot to strap himself to his seat. Mr. Myers, who is twenty-one, was formerly an undergraduate at Cambridge.



SYMBOLIC STATUARY IN SNOW IN THE CAPITAL OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A COLOSSAL FIGURE OF "KING WINTER" SURROUNDED IN PRAGUE.

In our own country snow as a medium of sculpture is not usually associated with any works of a more ambitious character than the Snow Man, with his pipe and battered hat, beloved of schoolboys. In Czechoslovakia, however, as this photograph indicates, it appears to be used for less primitive work. The scene illustrated is described as "People of Prague serenading a giant snow statue of King Winter in one of the principal squares of the city, with the aid of a military band."



KEEPING UP AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY REQUEST: THE RECTOR OF WOODBRIDGE DISTRIBUTING LOAVES BESIDE THE TOMB OF GEORGE CARLOW, WHO DIED IN 1738. Ever since the death of George Carlow, almost two hundred years ago, twenty shillings' worth of bread has been distributed to the poor of Woodbridge, in accordance with the terms of his will, over his tomb, which now lies in the garden of the Bull Hotel. The tomb, which can be seen in the background, is interesting for its Jacobean verses—almost identical with those on the tomb of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon.

## RECORDS OF INTERESTING EVENTS AND ABROAD.



BELGIUM'S RENDITION OF HER TERRITORY IN CHINA: HOISTING THE BELGIAN AND CHINESE FLAGS AFTER THE CEREMONY AT TIENTSIN.

The Belgian Consulate at Tientsin was formally handed over to China on January 15. In the presence of Baron de Warée, the Belgian Minister to China, and Mr. C. T. Wang, the Chinese Foreign Minister, Chinese politicians, speaking on this occasion, referred to the Hsinching Government's determination to effect a complete settlement of the extra-territoriality question before May 5, the date of the opening of the People's National Convention. Our photograph shows the flags of Belgium and China being hoisted.



A TRAIN DERAILED BY SNOW IN SCOTLAND: AN UNUSUAL ACCIDENT IN FORFARSHIRE DURING A RECENT SPELL OF SEVERE WEATHER.

This photograph shows the derailed engine of a Dundee-Forfar train which left the track at Kirkbuddo, in Forfarshire, owing to a heavy snowfall blocking the line. The passengers were held up for several hours, and had to be transferred to other trains. The weather reports from the north on February 2 stated that in Forfarshire the main L.M.S. line was blocked for some time, besides many roads, and telephone communication was also dislocated.



A GRAMOPHONE AS A MUSEUM "GUIDE": AN INTERESTING INNOVATION AT BERLIN—THE APPARATUS IN USE AT THE MUSEUM.

Gramophone records are employed for various educational purposes, as well as for entertainment, and notably in the teaching of languages. The above photograph illustrates yet another use of the gramophone recently adopted in Germany. At the Mueschen Museum in Berlin an apparatus with special records has been installed to act as a "guide" to the exhibits in five of the galleries. Our photograph shows a group of visitors listening to this novel form of lecture.



AN EXTRAORDINARY AEROPLANE CRASH IN A LONDON GARDEN: A FORCED LANDING AT BRIXTON WHILE FILMING A SCENE FOR "THE FLYING POOL."

On February 2 an Avro aeroplane, with two occupants engaged in film work, crashed in the garden of No. 60, Graham Road, Brixton. The pilot Mr. Richard Bush, who was strapped in his seat, was helped out by residents from the houses. The cinematographer, Mr. Stanley Rodwell, had jumped clear just before the machine struck the ground. Both were taken to hospital. They had been filming an aerial scene of "The Flying Pool" for British International Pictures.



THE BEGINNINGS OF A MONUMENT TO A FAMOUS NOVELIST: MR. ERIC KENNINGTON AT WORK ON A PRELIMINARY STAGE OF HIS STATUE OF THOMAS HARDY.

It is proposed to erect the new statue of Thomas Hardy, when completed, at Dorchester—immortalised as "Casterbridge" in the Wessex novels. It will be in bronze on a stone base. Above, Mr. Eric Kennington is seen at work on a preliminary stage of his statue, before the outline of the garments had been built up. Mr. Kennington is well known as the sculptor of the 24th Division Memorial in Battersea Park, and for his carvings in the School of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene in Gower Street.

THE BURMESE REBEL "KING'S" CAPTURED "PALACE": A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST AFTER IT HAD BEEN SET ON FIRE BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS.

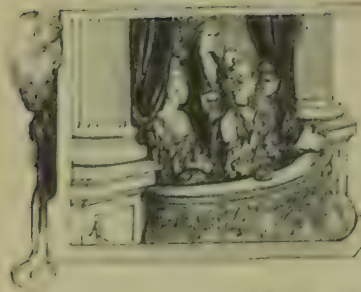
The capture of the rebel "palace" by the Burma Rifles was announced on January 2. It contained several large clocks, and quantities of petrol, gunpowder, and stores. This photograph of it is said to be the only one existing. As noted in our last issue, the rebellion has been suppressed. On February 1 the Viceroy authorised special methods of dealing with terrorists and revolutionaries. A reward of 5000 rupees was offered for the capture of the rebel "king," Saya San.



LAST HONOURS TO A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH SOLDIER: THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR GENERAL BERTHELOT IN THE CHAPEL OF THE INVALIDES.

The late General Berthelot, who died on January 28, was accorded a military funeral in Paris, and the service took place in the Chapel of the Invalides. Our photograph shows the coffin on a catafalque before the altar. It was arranged that, at his own express wish, he should be buried beside his parents in the cemetery at Nervieux, Loire. During the war General Berthelot was the Commander of the Fifth French Army at the second battle of the Marne.





# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## THE TRIUMPH OF THE RIPER SCHOOL.—MARY WEBB ON THE STAGE.

THE diction of to-day always reminds me of the difference between the gold currency and the present flimsies. The former was individual, solid, distinctive, full of ring and avoirdupois. A sovereign in one's pocket felt like a piece of backbone—support and substance. The present Treasury notes are mere pieces of paper of no particular character, clinging together as if glued; in a mass, they present a certain surface; each by itself means nothing but a crinkling piece of paper. In former days it was the business of the actor to mint every word, to be articulate, to be heard in the topmost gallery. Rightly understood, it was a joy to the ear, but it had a defect of quality. It led to what one used to call ranting, the exaggeration of the mummer who, steeped in technique, was not an artist at heart. But, compared with what we have often to endure to-day from the rank and file, ranting was merely an excess of zeal, whereas the mumbling now becoming so general that it may well be called an epidemic is nothing but sheer torture, irritating to the last degree.

The other day, in a theatre which shall be nameless, I sat in the fifth row of the stalls—as good a seat as I could wish for. On the stage there was a kind of round-table conference. Half-a-dozen men were discussing financial projects. The substance of their talk might have been very interesting—if I had heard it. Yet I am a good listener. In the theatre I am as intent as a schoolboy going to his first play. But the terror of it!—all these actors mouthed and spoke as if cotton-wool checked their words. Here and there I picked up a bit which, with intense effort, allowed me to piece together some sort of meaning. A cross-word puzzle was child's-play compared with it. A few rows in front of me people laughed. I thought they were idiots. I heard nothing to laugh at, and yet there must have been witty lines to provoke it. And so it went on and on for nearly twenty minutes, of which I retain but a chaotic impression of sounds and syllables, nothing coherent, let alone making out what they were driving at. I wish they had only mimicked, and not uttered a word. A gesture is often more eloquent than speech. But here there was not even gesturisation to make things plain; merely so many verbal soap-bubbles exploding into nothing as soon as they were blown from these human lips. As the saying goes, I could have slain every one of these mumblerers; they did not only spoil my pleasure, they made me feel as if I were bereft of hearing or sense of coherence. And yet all these actors were men of standing, men whom I had often praised; some men of personality who, I do not know why, were drawn into this slough of elocutionary despond, and were not even aware of what they inflicted on their (would-be) hearers. Later on, in duologue, the general diction became better, but as soon as this sextette forgathered in conference again, the terror repeated itself. It was as if somebody commanded them to do what they liked, but for heaven's sake to avoid being distinct! This example is but one of many, and, generally, men actors are not the chief offenders.

A few days after this horrible experience there was another first night, and it brought its compensation. Here everybody spoke up as clearly as crystal, and among the leaders there was one whose magnificent speech and potent personality stood out in such pre-eminence that everyone in the audience was spell-bound by his domination. I refer to Mr. Norman McKinnel as the Scottish lawyer in "To Account

Rendered." This great actor—I say "great" not in flattery, but conscious of the meaning—should be the master-instructor of the young generation. His every word has individuality; his conception of the

rigidness as the case demanded. In fine, in Mr. Norman McKinnel we felt the superiority of the maturer school, the school of real men and women, not of effeminacy and fancies; the school that has raised diction to one of the finest of fine arts, because, like the sculptor's hand, it moulds the clay into visions of indelible resilience.

At the Embassy, at Swiss Cottage, Mr. Alec Rea and Mr. A. R. Whatmore valiantly pursue the People's Theatre idea for Hampstead; evidently there is considerable interest in the enterprise, which deserves to flourish. Their latest fling is an adaptation of Miss Mary Webb's novel, "Precious Bane," which was selected by the judges of that Anglo-French co-operative society of novel-readers, *La Vie Heureuse*, for the annual prize. A quaint selection, perhaps, by people who are the mouth-pieces of "a happy life," for it is a grim, sordid tale of human cupidity and misery. But the book had the great merit of atmosphere and reality. It contained fine pictures of country life leavening the story. It was a valuable contribution to the folk-lore, the mentality, the superstitions of Shropshire people a hundred years ago. Mr. Edward Lewis has endeavoured to crystallise it for the stage, and, apart from a dialect not accessible to many hearers, he has mainly contrived to give us a skeleton of events minus the atmospheric charm that dulcified the book. In crisper form, it might have been an excellent contribution to the school which the French call the Theatre of Terror. For it is the tragedy of a son who, to gain possession of his father's farm, took upon himself, in the graveyard, the sins of his sire—they call him a "sin-eater" in Shropshire—who made his sister swear that she would help him and obey him in all that

he would do to maintain the property and the crops; whose greed and hardness knew no limits; who fell in love with a country maiden, whom he seduced and left with a child, until the precious bane of superstition and conscience drove him to despair and suicide.

The play is grim all the way, with no relief or joy except a dragged-in pastorate of morris dancers, with no lighter or more human side to the main characters.

Zola at his grimmest, the Russians in their most pessimistic pictures of *moujik* life, have contributed no grayer picture to the world's literature than this rural sketch of life and thought of yesteryears in an English county. It may all be true, but it is not edifying, and it is only dramatic on the surface, because, in the space of three acts, full of events, the dramatic adapter could not give more than a casual introspection of motives, of psychology. As it stands, it is sheer melodrama, effective to those who are easily moved by crude happenings, but scarcely satisfying the hearer who demands more than drastic action and angular sidelights on the characters. Undoubtedly Mr. Lewis has tackled his task in great earnest, but I am afraid that the outcome of his labour could only be appreciated by those who remember the book and could supply the inwardness and the atmosphere which seem to be wanting in the play. The producer has been fortunate in two of his interpreters—the fanatic, mystic father of the seduced girl, Mr. Donald Wolfitt, and the powerful sin-eater of Mr. Robert Donat. He is an actor of fine effects, of splendid

diction, and of rare impressiveness. I have seldom seen a characterisation of relentless egotism so granite-like, so repellent in its realistic vigour. For his sake alone the play was worth doing.



"THE SONG OF THE DRUM"—A SPECTACULAR MUSICAL PLAY WHICH MAINTAINS THE DRURY LANE TRADITION: THE BAZAAR AT TUSSBUD, A TYPICAL SCENE OF ORIENTAL FANTASY.

"The Song of the Drum" is set in the East, and has a wonderfully convincing bazaar scene. The play centres round the Secret Service exploits of Captain Darrell (Bobby Howes), who is ostensibly dismissed his regiment and takes refuge in the native quarter at Tussbud. He, none the less, is on the spot to save his lady-love, Sheila (Helen Gilliland), when his aid is required!

part is not a mere outline, but a profound introspection. In his person, he does not merely incarnate his race, its dourness, its slow-moving but intense humour, its deep-down warmth of heart and blood under a somewhat forbidding mien, but he reveals the perfection of all that the art of acting stands for. To this play, as to his fellow-players, he stood out as the pillar on which, as it were, the whole



THE SHOOTING OF THE FOX! THE CULMINATING SCENE IN "TANTIVY TOWERS," THE NEW LIGHT OPERA AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

"Tantivy Towers" is the first of a series of all-British light operas which Sir Nigel Playfair promises to put on at the Lyric. Mr. A. P. Herbert has written the extremely witty book and lyrics; and Mr. T. F. Dunhill, the music. Hugh Heather (Trefor Jones), a tenor singer who has followed the hard-riding object of his affections (Barbara Pett Fraser) to her ancestral home—Tantivy Towers—is seen in our photograph about to shoot a hard-pressed fox! This he does before the eyes of the horrified Tantivy Towers party, rather than endure the spectacle of the weary beast's miserable end.

structure rested; he created atmosphere by his personality, by the organ-tone of his voice, by the infinite care bestowed on each word—nay, on each syllable—underlined by a sober movement or monumental



# PORTRAIT-PIECES OF EARLY ENGLISH POTTERY AND OTHER LOTS FROM THE HARLAND COLLECTIONS SALE.

By COURTESY OF THE OWNERS AND OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO.



1. "ADMIRAL KEPPEL FOR EVER":  
A BRISTOL PLATE OF CONSIDERABLE RARITY.  
(10½ IN.)



2. KING CHARLES I. RIDING INTO EDINBURGH:  
A VERY RARE BLUE DASH CHARGER. (16½ IN.)



3. THE DUKE OF ORMONDE: A RARE  
BRISTOL CHARGER; WITH THE INITIALS  
"D. O." (13½ IN.)



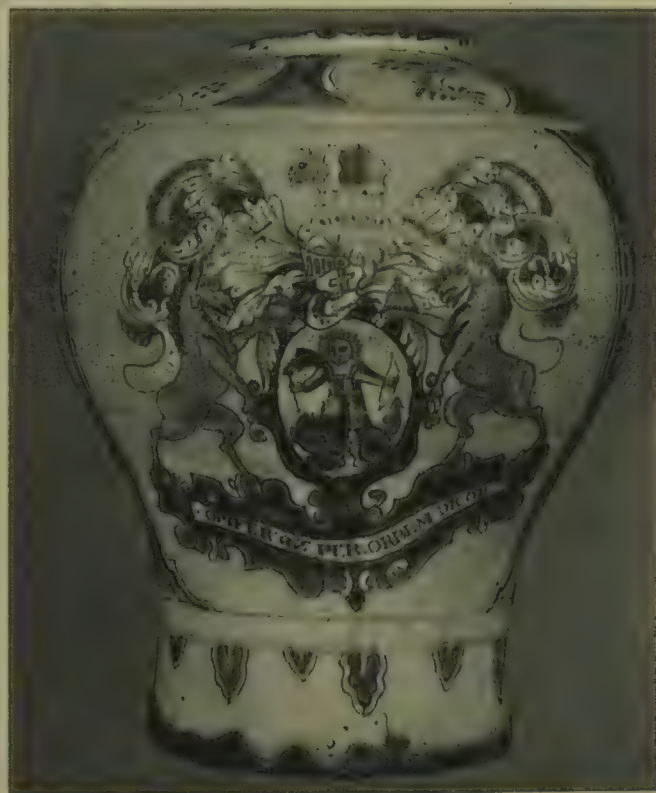
4. GEORGE II. IN CORONATION ROBES: A  
BRISTOL CHARGER WITH  
THE INITIALS "P. G." (14 IN.)



5. A CHARLES II. DISH BY RALPH SIMPSON: A SPECIMEN  
AKIN TO A ROYAL PORTRAIT DISH IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.  
(17½ IN. IN DIAMETER.)



6. A FINE BRISTOL BOWL WITH CHINESE FIGURES:  
A PIECE INITIALLED "I. C." AND DATED 1712.  
(13 IN. IN DIAMETER; 7½ IN. HIGH.)



7. AN APOTHECARIES' COMPANY VASE: A REMARKABLE PIECE  
DECORATED WITH THE COMPANY'S ARMS, CREST, MANTLING,  
AND MOTTO. (14 IN. ROUND BASE.)



8. CHARLES II.: A LAMBETH CORONATION  
PLATE, WITH PORTRAIT FLANKED BY  
"C. R." (8½ IN.)



9. CHARLES II.: A FINE BRISTOL CHARGER;  
WITH INITIALS "C. R. S." (13½ IN.)



10. THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: A FINE  
BRISTOL BLUE DASH CHARGER; WITH THE  
INITIALS "D. M." (14½ IN.)



11. GEORGE II. IN CORONATION ROBES: A  
CHARGER; RARE AND BRIGHTLY COLOURED;  
"G. R. II." IN RED. (14 IN.)

The very interesting pieces of early English pottery here illustrated are from the well-

known collection of the late Mr. Bryan T. Harland, and are amongst the lots to be sold at Sotheby's on February 11. The following details concern certain of our photographs: (1) The portrait is in blue. (2) This charger is in shades of blue. The design is taken from an engraving by Cornelis van Dalen which formed the frontispiece of Nelson's "Journal of the Tryal of Charles I" (published in 1684). It is supposed to represent Charles riding into "Edynburgh"—perhaps when he was in Scotland in 1641. (3) This charger is painted entirely in blue.

(4) This rare piece comes from the Boynton Collection. (5) This dish is decorated in red and brown slip on a yellow ground. (6) In addition to the two Chinese figures seen, this bowl has among its decoration two other Chinese figures. The interior is painted with a grotesque Aurora driving a chariot, and in the background is a European in a long coat and knee-breeches. (7) The other side of this vase is decorated in blue, with two Chinese figures, trees, rushes, and river scenes. (8) Charles wears robes in blue, manganese, and yellow. (9) The portrait is in green and blue. (10) The figure is in blue, with a yellow-lined ermine cloak.



# THE LONDON HOME OF THE KING AND QUEEN: IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE STATE DINING-ROOM: THE SCENE NOT ONLY OF STATE DINNERS, BUT OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF PRIVATE ROYAL BANQUETS, THE KING'S DERBY DAY DINNER, WHICH IS GIVEN ANNUALLY BY HIS MAJESTY TO THE MEMBERS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.



THE PRINCIPAL CORRIDOR ITS SOUTH END; SHOWING HAYTER'S PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA SET IN LOOKING-GLASS PANELS ABOVE MIRROR DOORS, AND CHINESE PORCELAIN PAGODAS FROM THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.



A MANTELPIECE IN QUEEN MARY'S CHINESE CHIPPENDALE ROOM: A FINE WORK OF CARVED PINE, IN THE CHINESE-ROCCO TASTE, WHICH DATES FROM ABOUT 1760, AND WAS BROUGHT FROM ELTHAM LODGE, KENT.

Buckingham Palace, as it is pointed out in the very admirable book from which these illustrations are taken, is, above all things, the private residence of the King and Queen, and, as such, is, of course, not well known to the public so far as its interior and its gardens are concerned. Yet, and quite naturally, there is the widest possible interest in it, for, as our review notes, "in

August 1914 it suddenly attained for the whole nation a meaning it had never had before. In those momentous days the eyes of the British public turned almost automatically to Buckingham Palace, as to a repository of their hopes, a bulwark against their fears, a concrete symbol of sovereignty; and 'when the Armistice came Buckingham Palace had long ceased to be merely a royal residence. It

[Continued opposite.



## AT THE HEART OF A UNITED EMPIRE—THE RALLYING-POINT OF A PEOPLE.



WHERE THE MAKING OF MUCH HISTORY HAS BEEN ACCLAIMED: THE BALCONY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM WHICH THE KING IS WONT TO GREET THE PUBLIC ON GREAT OCCASIONS—SEEN FROM THE CENTRE ROOM.

*Continued.*

had become the heart of a united Empire—the rallying-point of a loyal and devoted people." That being so—and there is no need for re-emphasis—it is very well that his Majesty the King should have permitted the publication of Mr. H. Clifford Smith's work, which is obviously as authoritative as it is pleasing and informing. Of the pictures given in this—all of them attractive, and many

of them superlatively so—that here reproduced as a page will perhaps appeal more intimately than any other: it is on the balcony of the Centre Room, that balcony above which the Royal Standard flies, that it has become the custom for their Majesties to stand at the time of great events, national or personal, when the people seek to acclaim them or to express sympathy with them.



# "THE HOUSEHOLD GODS DELIGHT IN SUCH A SITUATION."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE": By H. Clifford Smith.\*

(PUBLISHED BY "COUNTRY LIFE" LTD.)

IN 1762," writes Mr. Clifford Smith, "George III. bought Buckingham House as a dower house for Queen Charlotte, but though in fact it also became his own home, public functions continued to be held at 'The Court of St. James's,' and Queen Charlotte's Drawing Rooms took place at the 'Queen's House' only during the King's latter years. The present Palace was built by George IV. expressly as a private residence, and it was not until the work was well advanced that he decided that Courts should be held there. Queen Victoria, it is true, transferred the 'Drawing Rooms' from St. James's and built the Ball-room to be used for State Balls, but throughout the whole of the nineteenth century Buckingham Palace continued to be regarded primarily as the Sovereign's private residence, and only subordinately as the setting of the Court. If we compare Buckingham Palace with the great State Palaces of the Continent, it is at once obvious that the home of the King of England is a home in the real sense of the word—very different in character from the vast grandeur of Versailles, the rococo magnificence of Schönbrunn or Würzburg, or even the decayed but still sublime immensities of Caserta."

During the forty years of Queen Victoria's widowhood the Palace, as a royal residence, suffered eclipse: it was "lifeless and unreal, save for the celebrations of her Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee." The reign of King Edward VII. saw it restored to its former function; Evening Courts were instituted, distinguished visitors were entertained; but it was in August 1914 that it suddenly attained for the whole nation a meaning it had never had before. In those momentous days the eyes of the British People turned almost automatically to Buckingham Palace, as to a repository of their hopes, a bulwark against their fears, a concrete symbol of sovereignty. "When the Armistice came Buckingham Palace had long ceased to be merely a royal residence. It had become the heart of a united Empire—the rallying point of a loyal and devoted people."

The Palace as it stands is only a hundred years old, though the mellowing effect of the London climate lends it an appearance of greater antiquity. But its history—or the history of the buildings erected on its site—goes back much further. It "may be said to begin on 25th November, 1609, when a warrant was issued for the payment of £935 to one William Stallenge: being the amount of his estimate for establishing a Mulberry Garden of four acres just outside the fence of The King's Park. By Letters of the Privy Seal dated 7th May, 1611, Stallenge was granted by the King the custody of 'The Mulberry Garden' and an allowance of £120 per annum for providing mulberry leaves, etc., for the silkworms."

So Buckingham Palace owes its position to King James the First's strange caprice of fostering the silk industry. His efforts to popularise it were not limited to London: his agents went up and down the country trying to "wean his people from idleness and the enormities thereof." The fact that in 1629 Stallenge seems to have gone bankrupt suggests that the royal economics were unsound; The Mulberry Garden, with the house therein, but without the attendant obligation to grow silkworms, passed to Lord Aston, and later, in 1640, to Lord Goring, Lord Chamberlain of the Household. Lord Goring added to the property and built, or enlarged, a mansion; but his means were not equal to his extravagant ideas. He fought on the King's side throughout the Civil War and went into exile; but when, on the Restoration, he returned, hoping to resume possession of his estate, he found it in the hands of others. It had become the subject of prolonged litigation, in the course of which several matters came to light. Lord Goring had only paid a fraction of the purchase money of the estate; much of what he had paid had been borrowed; and one of the original vendors, Blake, had fraudulently sold what did not belong to him. In 1654 the property (or some of it) had become a resort for the fashionable world. Evelyn says: "My Lady Gerrard

treated us at Mulberry House, now the only place of refreshment about town for persons of the best quality to be cheated at, Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Gardens, which till now, had been the usual rendezvous for the ladies and gallants at this season."

Neither Lord Goring nor his son, Lord Norwich, was able to make good his claim to the Goring House estate, which was finally granted to their kinsman, Secretary Bennett, afterwards Lord Arlington. Pepys and Evelyn were both much impressed by the magnificence of the house. The Countess of Arlington took Evelyn to see her new dressing-room, "where there was a bed, two glasses, silver jars and vases, and other so rich furniture as I had

sold it to John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave and Marquess of Normanby, on whom was conferred, in 1703, the title of Duke of Buckingham. Not satisfied with the present house, the Duke, in 1705, started to build another, employing as architect "the learned and ingenious Captain Wynne"—or Wynd, or Wine. The new house—Buckingham House—faced East, and looked down the Mall. The *New View of London* prophetically described it as "a seat not to be contemned by the greatest monarch." The Duke was delighted with it; in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury he dwells in detail on its charms: "The Avenues to this House are along St. James's Park through rows of goodly Elms on the one hand, and gay flourishing Limes on the other, that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying between them. . . ." He goes on to describe the forecourt embellished with "a great basen with the figures of Neptune and the Tritons in a Water Work," and some of the state rooms; then, since "much of this seems appertaining to parade . . . I am glad," he writes, "to describe the rest which is all for convenience. At first, a covered passage from the kitchen without doors and another down to the cellars and all the offices within. Near this a large and lightsome backstairs. . . Under the windows . . . is a little wilderness full of black birds and nightingales."

The widowed Duchess of Buckingham, to whom the house and grounds had been left on condition that she did not remarry, lived in semi-royal state. Though she had only a life interest in it, she entered into negotiations with the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards George II. and his Queen) with a view to selling or letting Buckingham House. She bargained (we are told) "with the haughtiness of a Jacobite and the astuteness of an Estate Agent," but the price she demanded, three thousand a year, or sixty thousand pounds down, was considered excessive. In 1742 she breathed her last, having first made her ladies promise that, "if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead." Her only son predeceased her, and the property passed to her husband's illegitimate son. In 1762 it was purchased by George II. for the inconsiderable sum of £28,000.

"The young Queen had found the Palace of St. James's exceedingly uncomfortable," and although it was still used for ceremonial purposes, their Majesties immediately occupied the "Queen's House"—as their new residence was originally called.

Buckingham Palace was begun in 1826 and finished in 1830. Three architects, Nash, Soane, and Smirke, were appointed to superintend the work. "In John Nash, George IV. found an architect of the same mental calibre as himself. Both were clever, impetuous, vivacious; *improvisatori*—better at conceiving big ideas than carrying them out in detail."

Mr. Christopher Hussey, who, using materials supplied by Mr. Clifford Smith, has written the first two chapters of the book, gives a fascinating account of the building of the Palace. We are shown the schemes and plans put forward by various architects before the final one was adopted; we are made to realise the difficulties under which Nash laboured. Mr. Hussey's learning and pleasant irony are well displayed in his reference to the sculptures on the Marble Arch: "The reason for a British Sovereign being shown riding horse-back in his stockinged feet has excited considerable speculation. This is due solely to Chantrey's adhesion to the Neo-Grec gospel of beauty as set forth by Winckelmann. . . . In our Cathedrals can be seen monuments of the time in which generals go into action naked, and admirals have been surprised by the enemy apparently when bathing."

These preliminary chapters, like a kind of historical *hors d'œuvre*, whet the appetite for the marvellous feast of erudition and connoisseurship that follows. Mr. Clifford Smith describes the Palace and its treasures exhaustively;

the letterpress is as brilliant, scholarly, and erudite as the illustrations are beautiful and well chosen. The whole wonderfully produced book is a noble monument to a noble building. The circumstance of sovereignty could not be more worthily commemorated. On the front of Old Buckingham House was inscribed the motto: *Sic Situ Laetantur Lares*—the Household Gods delight in such a situation. To-day their delight must be increased.—J. P. H.



THE PICTURE GALLERY IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE: A VIEW FROM THE NORTH: SHOWING THE DOORWAY TO THE MUSIC ROOM ON THE RIGHT, THE DOORWAY TO THE GREEN DRAWING ROOM ON THE LEFT, AND THE DOORWAY TO THE SILK TAPESTRY ROOM AT THE SOUTH END, BEYOND THE PILLARS.

Illustrations reproduced from Mr. H. Clifford Smith's "Buckingham Palace," by Courtesy of the Publishers, "Country Life," Ltd.

seldom seen." At last the house seemed to be in good hands. But a final vicissitude awaited it; in 1674 it was "consumed to the ground," and hardly anything was saved of the "best and most princely furniture that any subject had in England."



"AS MAGNIFICENT AS ITS REGAL AND IMPERIAL FUNCTIONS DEMAND": THE THRONE ROOM IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE—SHOWING THE ROYAL ALCOVE AND THRONE DAIS.

It was rebuilt with even more magnificence, and, under the name of Arlington House, boasted (in 1698) the possession of "The Oval Court and Flower Garden, the Terrace Walk, the Dwarf Tree Garden, the Wilderness, the Grove and Bowling Green, the very extensive Orange Houses with the Bagnio, Bathing Cisterns, and the Like."

In 1704 the property once more changed hands. The Duke of Grafton, who had inherited it from Lord Arlington,

\* "Buckingham Palace: Its Furniture, Decoration, and History." By H. Clifford Smith. With Introductory Chapters on the Building and Site by Christopher Hussey. (London, "Country Life"; New York, Charles Scribners; £4 4s.)



## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



AFTER THEIR ARREST ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT "MOURNING STRIKE" FOR THE EXECUTED SHOLAPUR MURDERERS: MEMBERS OF THE WAR COUNCIL OF THE BOMBAY PROVINCIAL CONGRESS COMMITTEE MARCHED TO THE LOCK-UP.

The news of the execution at Poona of four men convicted of murdering police during the Sholapur riots last year drew immense crowds towards Poona gaol on January 12. A complete *hartal* was observed in Poona on this occasion, and a partial *hartal* was enforced by violent methods in Bombay City. Traffic was dislocated in Bombay, and tram-cars and taxicabs were stoned. In one part of



A LATHI CHARGE IN PROGRESS AGAINST CROWDS ASSEMBLED NEAR THE HIGH COURT IN BOMBAY: OFFICIAL ACTION IN AN AREA PICKETED BY CONGRESS SUPPORTERS IN "MOURNING" FOR THE SHOLAPUR MURDERERS.

the city the police made *lathi* charges in which about thirty persons were injured. In Kabaidevi Road—a regular storm centre on these occasions—a huge beam was placed across the road, and in another place several long chains were stretched across, and a number of large stones, obviously taken from some building under construction, were laid on the tram-lines.



AHMEDABAD SCHOOL-CHILDREN BOYCOTT FOREIGN TOYS: A GATHERING OF YOUNGSTERS ABOUT A PILE OF IMPORTED KITES.

The efforts of certain supporters of the All-India Congress to gain sympathy and "make themselves felt" have their ludicrous, if not pathetic, as well as their serious, aspects. Our three photographs illustrate a curious little incident which took place at Ahmedabad. In imitation of the "grown-up" Congress boycott campaign of foreign goods, school-children there



PREPARING TO IMMOLATE THE OFFENDING TOYS FOREIGN KITES PILED FOR BURNING BY CHILDREN WITH "CONGRESS SYMPATHIES."

recently directed their attention to the "insult" of foreign-made kites being sold in toy-shops! They moved about the city preaching the boycott of foreign goods and collecting kites from all dealers; and finally they carried the offending toys, piled on a handcart, to the river-bank and made a bonfire of them.



THE ACHIEVEMENT OF YOUTHFUL BOYCOTTERS AT AHMEDABAD: THE KITES BEING BURNT—A PROTEST AGAINST THEIR FOREIGN ORIGIN.



AFTER THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT BATTLE ABBEY SCHOOL: THE GUTTED ABBOT'S HALL SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE.

Fire broke out at Battle Abbey School in the early morning of February 1; and it is interesting to note that practically the whole of the domestic water-supply of the town of Battle was exhausted in fighting the flames! The ancient Abbot's Hall, which was part of the historic Abbey built by William the Conqueror, was gutted; but all the 120 girls escaped unhurt. Priceless



WHERE PRICELESS FURNITURE AND HISTORIC RELICS WERE DESTROYED: THE INTERIOR OF THE ABBOT'S HALL; WITH ANCIENT WALLS STILL STANDING.

furniture, oak panelling, and two banners, one of which was reputed to have been borne by the Conqueror's army at the Battle of Hastings, are among the lost treasures; but the whole of the valuable library has been saved. Some of the old walls of the Hall resisted the intense heat and remained intact.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMERICA has enriched the English language with much picturesque idiom and slang, which I, for one, thoroughly enjoy. Apart from that, it is easy to detect an American book, even if its origin is not self-evident from the title-page, by certain solecisms of spelling that differ from English custom. In matters both of orthography and speech, I think that we English, as the parent race, are entitled to authority; though some Americans may not agree. I remember reviewing here a Briton's record of experiences in the States, where some employer told him he would be all right when he had got rid of his English brogue. Anyhow, I deprecate certain American pronunciations tending to take root over here, such, for example, as stressing the first syllable, instead of the second, in words like "romance" or "finance." It is true that "rónance" is nearer to "Roman," but the English tongue revels in time-honoured anomalies. Stress on the first syllable makes havoc of such classic lines as that of the Lake poet

Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance;  
or that popular tribute to modern machinery—  
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

These trivial considerations have obtruded themselves because, at the moment, I am concerned with a book peculiarly rich in the romance of high finance, namely, "THE LIFE OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN" (1837-1913). By John Kennedy Winkler. Illustrated (Knopf; 15s.). Written in sound, strong English, this work is singularly free from linguistic vagaries, but it represents a more subtle characteristic (I do not say, a fault) of modern American writing, which, in one word, might be called magnification. American writers cannot be accused of tame under-emphasis, and are seldom guilty of undue restraint. They will get the last ounce of effect out of any subject they are describing; they leave nothing to the imagination, in case, I suppose, some readers should not possess that commodity.

Pierpont Morgan was certainly a big man, and his biographer takes good care that no one shall mistake him for a small one. Being myself no adept at big business, I have never been much impressed, as a rule, by the romance of money-making (and so, incidentally, have never made any!), but I have found this book extraordinarily vital. The author can extract a thrill from a ledger or a board meeting, and make a crisis on Wall Street as exciting as the Battle of Waterloo. But there were traits in his hero's character more human and appealing than his genius for high finance. He was a great lover, it seems—something of a Solomon in that respect; a great giver, in public and private charities; a great art-collector; devoted to children (to whom he would read Dickens' Christmas stories); fond of animals and birds; and, at heart, as shown in his will, a religious man—Puritan in principle, if not altogether in practice.

At the beginning we read of him: "Morgan was a colossal adventurer in the realm of reality. He took what he wanted. His code was his own. He did things that to-day could not be defended in law or morals. But, for his time and generation, he played the game and played it fairly. . . . Eventually he became a sort of super-government. In the panic of 1907 he was dictator of the United States in all save formal title. . . . At the height of his power Morgan grew to look upon himself as a modern counterpart of a gorgeous Renaissance prince. He growled angrily when he heard that a wit had dubbed him *Pierpontifex Maximus*, but beamed with pleasure when compared to Lorenzo the Magnificent. At the end his biographer says: "To-day we are trying to live down the Morgan methods. A better banking system has made another Pierpont Morgan no longer indispensable in time of panic. Better corporation laws, backed by more enlightened public sentiment, have made another Morgan impossible. The Alexander of American finance appeared in the single hour which had room for him."

In view of the next book on my list, it is appropriate to record Mr. Winkler's comparisons between Morgan and another great American, his equal in virile force, and his opponent in national affairs. "Roosevelt," we read,

"was in touch with and responsive to the popular point of view. Morgan was not. He knew nothing and cared less about the ordinary run of human kind. Morgan sprang from whatever aristocracy this country may boast, and it was his chief pride that he was a gentleman. He and the young President were fated for conflict. . . . Time and again, friends of both sought to bring them together. There were many meetings, but no fusion of friendship." A dramatic interview between them is too long to be quoted; but I cannot omit these magnanimous words of Roosevelt's after Morgan's death: "We were fundamentally opposed, but I was struck by his very great power and his truthfulness. Any kind of meanness and smallness were alike wholly alien to his nature."

Here I can say to the Dollar King, without fear of rebuff or discord—meet "THEODORE ROOSEVELT." The Story of a Friendship. 1880-1919. By Owen Wister. Illustrated (Macmillan; 18s.). The author, who is well known both as a novelist and a literary promoter of Anglo-American goodwill (as in "A Straight Deal; or, The Ancient Grudge"), gives us here a delightfully discursive volume of reminiscences about the famous President, from his college days onward, fortified with letters and anecdotes. There are also many subordinate character-sketches of other notable people—American, British, and French—including Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Adams, Henry Cabot Lodge, Elihu Root, President Taft, Jules

Several of the great names of American commerce, such as Carnegie and Rockefeller, mentioned in the Morgan memoir, reappear in a history of trading on American (and Canadian) waterways—"FREIGHTERS OF FORTUNE." The Story of the Great Lakes. By Norman Beasley. Illustrated (Harper; 12s. 6d.). The story begins in the year 1679, when the Frenchman La Salle set out on a pioneer cruise into the unknown in his little craft, the *Griffin*, and traces subsequent developments down to the present day, when, with the aid of "friendly Governments living side by side," men have developed on these lakes a commerce "the like of which is seen nowhere else in the world."

Recent news of a great dislodgement of rock at Niagara lends interest to a passage telling how the Falls got their name. "Accompanying La Salle on his return trip," we read, "were four friars. . . . It was Father Hennepin who gave the spelling of Niagara to the English language, he having translated it from the Mohawk designation of Ny-ag-ar-ah." In an account of his travels written for King William III., Father Hennepin wrote: "Betwixt the Lake Ontario and Erie, there is a vast and prodigious Cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford its Parallel. At the foot of this horrible precipice we meet with the River Niagara."



THE SOVIET WAY WITH PEDESTRIANS: A WARNING SIGN OF A POLICEMAN'S TRUNCHEON ILLUSTRATING A NOTICE—"KEEP TO THE RIGHT!" IN MOSCOW.

In Moscow, it appears from these photographs, pedestrians are not so free to risk being run over, or to get in each other's way on the pavement, as they are in London. A street notice to "Keep to the Right!" for instance, is accompanied by a warning picture of the policeman's big stick.

Jusserand, and Lord Bryce. Not the least interesting figure in the author's gallery of portraits is that of his late wife, Mary Channing Wister, educationist and reformer, who at one time taught the poor children of Philadelphia "the operas of Sullivan and Gilbert."

I have searched Mr. Wister's book in vain for any allusion to J. Pierpont Morgan. My quest was not facilitated by the fact that it contains neither index nor list of contents, while every one of the 372 page-headings merely repeats the title, with "damnable iteration." This manner of book-making is not helpful to reviewers. If there is nothing about President Roosevelt's great financial adversary, however, there is a great deal about his chief political *bête noir* and successor, President Wilson, whose policy and personality the author dissects with a kind of cold fury and acid scorn. It is in these later chapters, concerning the Great War period, that the book becomes most interesting, perhaps, to British readers; when the author turns, that is, from home politics and people of an elder time, to consider world events of recent memory. His point of view is strongly pro-Ally and pro-British. He sees war guilt in Berlin and Vienna, and particularly in Count Berchtold, the Austrian Secretary of State, whom he calls "the original incendiary."

"SAFETY FIRST" METHODS IN THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL: A STREET IN MOSCOW WITH ROPE-RAILS BESIDE THE PAVEMENTS, AND CROSSINGS ONLY AT INTERVALS.

From the annals of the water, by a natural transition, I pass to a chronicle of conflict with another element, in "YE OLDE FIRE LADDIES." By Herbert Asbury. Illustrated (Knopf; 12s. 6d.). Here we have the story, vivaciously told, of the bygone volunteer fire-fighters of New York, from the time of the first recorded fire (aboard the trading ship *Tiger*) in 1613, until the volunteer system came to an end in 1865. These old-time firemen, with their picturesque costume and their gaudily decorated "en-jines" (as they called them), fought not only fires, but each other; for great rivalry existed among the various associations. The story is full of rough-and-tumble brawls, and almost as dramatic as the author's previous work, "The Gangs of New York." At one time prominent citizens took part in fire-fighting, and George Washington himself, we learn, was an enthusiast at the business throughout his career. New York, like London, can boast its historic Great Fire—indeed, two of them, in 1776 and 1835. The old fire companies gave rise to a good deal of doggerel verse; but I find nothing equal to the tribute paid to that immortal London official who, attending the first night of "Iolanthe," was astonished to hear himself thus apostrophised from the stage—

Oh, Captain Shaw!  
Type of true love kept under!  
Could thy Brigade  
With cold cascade  
Quench my great love, I wonder!

Another American book of fascinating interest contains the reminiscences of a collector of wild animals for "Zoos" and menageries, aptly entitled "BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE." By Frank Buck and Edward Anthony. Illustrated (Gollancz; 16s.). So far, I have not discovered what part Mr. Anthony has played in this production, as it is apparently written throughout in the first person by Mr. Buck, and the publisher's "blurb" is entirely concerned with him. Here again I missed the aid of an index to trace the elusive collaborator. Howsoever these things be, the result is a feast of entertainment. In the course of his collecting adventures Mr. Buck has had several "close calls," as when a leopard broke loose on board ship, his cage having been upset by rough seas; or when he had a "big fight" with an orang-utan (also on board ship), and managed to get in a walloping uppercut on "the point" before the ape's long arms could enfold him. By a freak of the great goddess Chance, who ordains that, whenever you meet something new and strange for the first time, you generally meet it again soon afterwards, I find here much detail concerning a rare and curious creature illustrated in these pages last week—the long-nosed Proboscis Monkey of Borneo. C. E. B.



## An Old Master by a Modern Master: Fra Filippo's Romance.

FROM THE PAINTING, "FRA LIFFO LIPPI," BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER, IN THE FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF OIL PAINTERS. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



THE NUN, LUCREZIA BUTI, SITTING TO FRA FILIPPO LIPPI FOR HIS PICTURE, "THE MADONNÀ DELLA CINTOLA," JUST BEFORE THEIR ELOPEMENT: A CHARMING NEW WORK BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

This delightful picture by that well-known artist, the Hon. John Collier (Vice-President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters), is included in the new Exhibition, opening February 9, at the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, 195, Piccadilly. It has also a personal interest, since the veteran painter has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday (on January 27), though no one would see in this work the hand of an octogenarian. He has recently held an exhibition of his own, we may add, in the Museum Galleries, at 7, Haymarket. Referring

to the romantic incident here depicted, Sir Charles Holmes says in his "Introduction to Italian Painting": "The story of [Fra Filippo's] life, and his marriage to the nun Lucrezia Buti, is reflected in the character of his art; it is essentially human, full of observation of the delicate beauty of young women and the roguish charm of children." In "The Italian Masters," by Horace Shipp, we read: "He ran away with a nun, was excused his monastic vows, and became a husband and a father. Browning's famous poem is a just estimation of his characteristics."





### A GLORY OF PERSIA.

#### THE PORTAL OF THE MASJID-I-SHAH AT ISFAHAN.

THE architectural "gem" of the Persian Art Exhibition at Burlington House is, as most of the readers of "The Illustrated London News" must be aware, a model of the entrance to the Masjid-i-Shah (the Royal Mosque) of Isfahan. This is one-third the size of the original. In front of it is a copy of the pool outside the Mosque—with black glass in place of water. Obviously, the model is in the colours of the original; and, equally obviously, the picture here reproduced is of the Mosque itself and not of the reproduction in miniature.

*From the Painting by L. Carr Cox, after the Photograph by A. Upham Pope.  
Published by arrangement with "Apollo" Magazine.*



# Decorative — and Dramatic: "Stories" in Persian Art.



A SUPERLATIVE PIECE OF DRAWING ILLUSTRATING ONE OF THE FABLES OF KALILAH WA DIMNAH: A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A RAT, A CAPTIVE CAT, AND A HAWK. (FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)

## A Trio of Treasures: "Gems" at Burlington House.

ALTHOUGH the principal intention of Persian art is to exploit the full decorative possibility in every subject, and although each work is to be primarily judged by the beauty, the variety, the harmony of colour, the quality of grace or sweep of line, or the rich-textured surface, none the less there are constantly in the background lively stories whose dramatic quality is not lost, but is often enhanced, by the style of treatment. The elimination of shadow and perspective in painting permits of greater concentration on the theme, the mood of which is often adroitly reinforced by expressive drawing and by the selection of patterns which have their own appropriate mood. A little fifteenth-century miniature, illustrating one of the animal fables of Kalilah wa Dimnah, is a superlative piece of drawing, in which the bizarre character of the subject is intensified by the weird landscape and rather alarming-looking trees.

[Continued above.]



A TILE ILLUSTRATING A THEME BELOVED FOR FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS: BAHRAM GOR HUNTING, WITH HIS FAVOURITE, AZADA THE HARPIST, SEATED BEHIND HIM. (THIRTEENTH - FOURTEENTH CENTURY.)

[Continued.]

The strict decorum of the scene showing the arrival of Ardshir in the Palace Court does not conceal the charm of the occasion, or the intensity of the emotion awakened in the admiring Gulnar. The story of Bahram Gor with his favourite, the harpist Azada, has many times been told. It was a theme beloved of Persian artists for 1500 years. There are many versions. The commonest is that Azada asked to be taken to the hunt: in the beautiful tile here seen she is shown riding postern-wise, clutching her famous harp. Boasting of his skill, Bahram Gor asked what test she would require. "Pin the antelope's hoof to his head," she answered. A swift bolt touched the gazelle's ear. A second bolt fast skewered the hoof raised to brush away the irritation. "How cruel!" cried Azada; whereupon, in a rage, Bahram Gor threw her to the ground, trampled her to death under his camel's hoofs, and said: "Never take a woman hunting!"

Reproductions by Arrangement with the Medici Society.



A SUBJECT PICTURE IN A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY "SHAH - NAMA": GULNAR THE SLAVE, LOOKING FROM THE PALACE WINDOW, FALLS IN LOVE WITH ARDISHIR. (MS. DATED 1429.)



## THE HEROES OF MINE DISASTERS: RESCUE WORK—TRAINING AND ACTUALITY.



1. TRAINING FOR THEIR PERILOUS TASK IN THE EVENT OF A MINE DISASTER: A RESCUE TEAM AT PRACTICE—REMOVING A "CASUALTY" FROM A MODEL CORRIDOR.



2. PRACTISING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A "STOPPING"—A BARRICADE TO PREVENT A FIRE SPREADING FROM ONE CORRIDOR TO ANOTHER IN A MINE: A RESCUE TEAM IN TRAINING.



3. TYPICAL GAS-MASKS AND BREATHING APPARATUS WORN BY RESCUERS IN MINE DISASTERS: A PRACTICE PARTY ATTENDING TO A "CASUALTY" IN REALISTIC CONDITIONS.



4. AN ACTUAL INCIDENT OF THE HAIG PIT DISASTER AT WHITEHAVEN: A PARTY OF RESCUERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE SHAFT, SHOWING THE PARTICULAR TYPE OF BREATHING APPARATUS USED.



5. RETURNING FROM THE HAIG PIT AFTER A SPELL OF RESCUE WORK: MINERS AT WHITEHAVEN EQUIPPED WITH THE TYPE OF BREATHING APPARATUS USED (MOUTHPIECES DISCONNECTED).

Once more the traditional heroism of rescuers in mine accidents was shown after the disastrous explosion which occurred recently in the Haig Pit at Whitehaven, where twenty-six men were killed and thirteen others were seriously injured, one of whom died later in hospital. As some of our photographs indicate, miners are constantly in training for the dangerous work which, at any moment, they may be called upon to perform. Practice operations include the use of gas-masks and breathing apparatus, the handling and removal of casualties, and the construction of "stoppings," or barricades, to prevent the spread of fire in a mine. Our first three photographs (on the left) illustrate typical methods of training,

while Nos. 4 and 5 (on the right) show actual scenes at Whitehaven after the disaster at the Haig Pit. The particular equipment seen in these two illustrations is that known as the "Meco-Briggs" rescue apparatus, made by Messrs. Siebe, Gorman. As soon as the event became known, rescue parties came from the surrounding district, some from as far as twelve miles away. Seven teams of the West Cumberland Mines Rescue Association were at work continuously underground, in relays. Each team consisted of five men, all wearing gas-masks. It was largely due to the splendidly efficient rescue work, in which teams of the Whitehaven Colliery Company took the leading part, that the injured were so promptly extricated.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### SAMPLES FROM THE "LAND OF SKELETONS."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

LAST week I briefly surveyed the living animals of South America, and of Argentina in particular. Let me now continue the story which has been revealed by the evidence brought to light by the labours of geologists, or, more accurately, of palaeontologists. They tell us that, in late Cretaceous times, there was a land-bridge between South and North America, which was then submerged for a million years or so. But since, in mid-Pliocene times, fossil remains of South American animals again appear in the northern continent, and *vice versa*, we can, approximately, date the restoration of the bridge once more, and this time permanently.

This essay, however, is concerned entirely with what is now known as the Argentine Republic, but which has also been aptly described by the late Richard Lydekker as a "land of skeletons . . . the tomb of thousands, if not millions, of the skeletons and bones of a host of extinct animals, which tell us that the country was once inhabited by a fauna stranger than that found in any other part of the world at any epoch of its history." Unfortunately, I can but give the briefest sketch of no more than half a dozen of these marvellous creatures. Some of the most important discoveries that have been

was situated, not at the end of the muzzle, as in all other land animals, but in the middle of the skull-roof, between the eyes. If there was no trunk, the nostrils must have opened in the top of the head, as in the whales, which is very unlikely. But, further than this, there are deep pits in the skull behind these openings, which evidently served to lodge muscles such as would be needed to move a flexible trunk: such pits are found in the skull of the elephant. Moreover, though the neck is long, it is not long enough, owing to the length of the legs, to allow the animal to graze without some such aid. That it obtained part of its food by grazing seems to be shown by the structure of the teeth. But it probably fed largely on the leaves of bushes and shrubs, and the twigs of the lower branches of trees, which could be easily grasped by this short trunk. The feet are unlike those of any other members of the ungulates, or "hoofed" animals, to which *Macrauchenia* belongs, as is shown by the teeth. In still earlier geological times similar, but smaller and less bizarre, types discovered by Ameghino show us the stages of development, which reached its final stages in this strange beast.

Now let me pass to another ungulate, in its way no less remarkable. This is *Toxodon*. The first indication of the existence of this curious beast was again given by Darwin when studying the Pampean deposits of Argentina. He found a skull which he submitted on his return to England to Sir Richard Owen, who named it the "Toxodon," or "bow toothed," from the singular curved character of the molar teeth. But for years, as Dr. Scott tells us, it remained a zoological puzzle; for no one was able to reach any satisfactory conclusion as to its systematic position and relationships. Ameghino's later work brought to light not only the rest of the skeleton, but still older and less specialised forms. And these showed that the true position of *Toxodon* was among the ungulates; but it was of a type so different as to need the formation of a new sub-order for its reception.

It was a huge animal, rivalling the largest rhinoceroses in size, and was almost certainly amphibious, thus resembling the hippopotamus in its habits. But it had the prehensile upper

lip of the rhinoceros, and not the great square muzzle of the hippo, though, as in this animal, the lower incisors projected straight forward; while the first upper incisor was broad and chisel-shaped, the second more tusk-like. All the teeth, by the way, were peculiar in that they continued to grow throughout life, without forming roots. Another peculiarity is presented by the bony outer ear chamber, which was

inflated, and communicated by a canal with a second chamber lying behind it, an arrangement which seems to imply an unusually keen sense of hearing. The ears were placed high up on the head, which is another reason for believing that the habits of the animal were aquatic.



2. A PREHISTORIC GROUND-SLOTH FROM ARGENTINE: *MYLODON ROBUSTUS*, A FORMIDABLE ANCESTOR OF THE FEEBLE ANTE-EATERS AND ARMADILLOS OF TO-DAY.

*Mylodon*, though vastly larger than any of those of its relations who are alive in the present age, was a dwarf beside the *Megatherium*, which rivalled the elephant in bulk. *Mylodon's* skin was almost certainly hair-covered and studded with bony nodules of irregular shape and size.

The Pleistocene *Toxodon* was preceded by the no less remarkable Pliocene *Trigodon*; as yet known only from the skull. But this presents a conspicuous bony "boss" on the roof, like that of a rhinoceros, indicating the presence of a frontal horn like that of this animal. If this inference is correct, then *Trigodon* was the only animal of its time and region to "carry arms"; for the deer and antelopes, which had probably by now arrived in South America, had not yet found their way so far south. The creature takes its name from the fact that it had but three lower incisors, one on each side and a median tooth, a singular feature indeed.

Finally, I pass to animals, if possible, even more remarkable than any yet referred to. These belong to the edentates, wherein the teeth, when present, grow from persistent pulps. They are confined to South America, and are represented to-day by the sloths, ante-eaters, and armadillos. It is true that the armadillo has found its way as far north as Texas, but this is the sole exception. Ages ago, however, gigantic ground-sloths roamed over Argentina and Patagonia. One of these, *Mylodon robustus*, is shown in Fig. 2. The skin of this animal was probably studded with bony nodules, such as are to be seen in a piece of the hide of the nearly related *Glyptotherium*, found in a cave at Last Hope Inlet, Patagonia, rolled up, showing that it had been removed by man. Further evidence of this is found in the fact that flint implements were associated with these remains.

But *Mylodon* was a pigmy compared with its relative, the *Megatherium*, which was as large as an elephant. And, from the skeletons which have been found, it is clear that they must have lived in a well-wooded area, showing that much of Argentina was at that time forest-clad. Even stranger than *Mylodon* were the *Glyptodonts*. One of these, *Dædicurus clavicaudatus* (Fig. 3), may be described as a huge armadillo, for it attained a length of 15 feet; while the bony rings round the base of the tail were as large in diameter as the hoop of a beer-barrel. The end of the tail, it will be noted, ended like a mediæval mace, and must have proved a formidable weapon against the attacks of the sabre-toothed tiger or the great bears of these times. All they had to do was to crouch down till the edges of the great back-shield touched the ground, draw back the head—which was armour-plated—and bide their time till the attacker came within range of a swish of the spiked tail!



1. *MACRAUCHENIA*—BEASTS WHOSE APPEARANCE HAS BEEN DEDUCED FROM THE CONFORMATION OF THE SKULL AND SKELETON: PREHISTORIC ANIMALS WHICH INHABITED SOUTH AMERICA.

*Macrauchenia patachonica* was as large as a camel. From the fact that its nasal passage opened on the top of the head, that its neck was too short to reach the ground, palaeontologists conclude that it flaunted a short trunk.

made we owe to the long years of tireless research made by the late Dr. Ameghino. From the small hill known as Monte Hermoso, near Bahia Blanca, of Pliocene age, and the still older Santa Cruz beds of Patagonia, as well as from the celebrated caves of Lagoa Santa, in the province of Minas Geraes, of Pleistocene age, he brought to light a most amazing series of animal remains, some of which will be described presently. In considering these creatures, it must be remembered that "Argentina" and "Patagonia" are artificial, political boundaries, bearing no relation to the distribution of animals in time or space.

Though I would fain enlarge upon the geological formations from which these creatures were obtained, this must be "taken as read," since any details of this kind would occupy all my space. Nor can I discuss the mystery of their origin, for mystery it is, since, as I have already pointed out, for an enormous period of time South America was isolated from the rest of the world. Nor can I do more than briefly describe what may be called "random samples" of the strange creatures which possessed the land in those remote ages.

The first of my samples shall be that weird-looking animal, as large as a camel, but more heavily built, *Macrauchenia patachonica* (Fig. 1), first discovered by Darwin when he explored this region of South America in his capacity of naturalist during the voyage of the *Beagle*. This fine restoration was made by Mr. Bruce Horsfall, under the direction of Dr. Scott, the American palaeontologist, from a skeleton in the La Plata Museum. How do we know, it may be asked, that the creature had a flexible proboscis, recalling that of the elephant? Doubtless we do not know that this was so, but the structure of the skull justified the inference. And this because the nasal aperture



3. A FORMIDABLE ANTAGONIST OF THE SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER AND THE GREAT BEARS, WHICH WERE ITS CONTEMPORARIES: *DÆDICURUS CLAVICAUDATUS*—A GIANT ARMADILLO WITH A DOME-LIKE SHELL AND A HEAVY MACE FOR A TAIL.

There were several species of this genus; the largest ranging from 12 to 15 ft. long. The body was heavily armoured, even more efficiently than are those of the armadillos of to-day. To allow of flexibility, the tail was encircled by bony rings—the largest of which was as big as the hoop of a beer-barrel.

Reproductions from Scott's "Mammals of the Western Hemisphere."



## A KA ON WATCH: THE "SECOND SELF" AT ITS TOMB "PEEP-HOLE."



THE EYES OF THE SECOND SELF: A *Ka*, INHABITING THE IMAGE OF THE INDIVIDUAL WITH WHOM IT WAS BORN, GAZING THROUGH A HOLE IN A TOMB-WALL TO WITNESS THE BRINGING OF OFFERINGS FOR ITS SUSTENANCE.

LECTURING in Cairo, Dr. George A. Reisner, famous for his excavations in the Giza Pyramid area, recalled attention to the fact that the ancient Egyptian grave was founded on the belief that there was life after death, and that that life was a duplicate of life on earth. One part of the tomb was devoted to the burial-chamber; the other housed the *Ka*, that "second self," that abstract personality which was born with each individual, survived after death in company with the soul, or *Ba*, and was fed and served by the funerary priest. At first, he pointed out, a statue constructed to represent the deceased, and to act as abode for the *Ka*, was set in the

[Continued opposite.



THE *Ka* IMAGE AS FOUND AFTER THE OPENING OF A TOMB IN THE CEMETERY WEST OF THE CHEOPS PYRAMID: THE PAINTED STATUE AS SET BEHIND A WALL OF THE OFFERING-CHAMBER.

[Continued.]

outer chamber, to receive offerings. Then custom changed: the image was placed behind a wall of the offering-chamber, and a hole was cut through the wall in order that the *Ka* could see the gift-bearers. In connection with this lecture, we quote the British Museum's guide to its Egyptian collections, which tells how the *Ka* had to be cared for after it had left the mortal body. "A special chamber was set apart in the tomb for the statue, and through an opening in one of the walls which communicated with the hall of the tomb wherein the offerings were made, the *Ka* inhabiting this statue was able to enjoy the smell of the incense, meat, wine, and other offerings."



## SALT-WORKINGS INHERITED BY WOMEN AND WORKED BY



WATER WHOSE HEALTH-GIVING PROPERTIES THE NATIVES EXPLOIT: THE HOT SULPHUR SPRING AT KIBERO, A UGANDA VILLAGE WHICH ATTRACTS CURIOUS-SEEKERS AND DOISTS, IN ADDITION TO THE SPRING OF EPSOM SALTS, AND COMMON SALT WHICH, WHEN PREPARED, CONTAINS AN UNUSUALLY LARGE PROPORTION OF SULPHUR.

SPREAD over a stretch of sandy shore at the foot of the escarpment on the western side of Lake Albert, in Uganda, is a unique village community, blessed in the possession of a hot sulphur spring, a stratum of that substance known to the world as Epsom Salts, and a copious supply

of common salt. The valuable salt-workings, from the barter of which the whole community obtains its wealth, are owned and inherited by the women, who thus hold a position unique among their kind. In the old days it used to be the custom, when one of these women married, for her to buy for her husband a second wife, so that she might have assistance in collecting and preparing the salt. The salt produced at Kibero is of peculiar value, because it contains, owing to the method of its preparation, a large proportion of sulphur. Natives go to Kibero more or less as Europeans go to Harrogate or Baden-Baden, in order to cure certain ills by drinking the waters. An unpleasant scramble down a steep cliff path brings one to the village, and within range of the noisome fumes from the hot spring, which bubbles up from the ground near the foot of the cliff, deposit heaps of pale yellow sulphur along its bed, and flows away in a stream which is then diverted by the natives into a number of small channels among the salt-workings. These workings, seen from a little distance, look rather like the sand castles and battlements built on a seashore by a crowd of children. Everywhere are little earth ramparts three or four feet high, each containing three or four recesses, and each marked off from the others by wavering lines of stones. Each marked-off section indicates the area owned by one woman, and it is the direst crime to interfere with these boundaries, or to trespass beyond their limits. The thin stream of sulphur water wanders by and about these ramparts. Near each rampart is a pile of sand, crusted over with whitish salt crystals. This sand is spread out daily in a thin layer, and by capillary attraction draws salt-impregnated moisture from the ground below. It is heaped up again, and the salty crust which has formed scraped away with a piece of gourd. This is placed in a pot, with a hole in the bottom, which is then put into one of the recesses, with another pot below it. Water from the sulphur spring is then poured over it, which, percolating through the sand,

(Continued in Box 2.)

carries the soluble salt into the lower pot. The contents of this are evaporated on fire in the dark interiors of the huts, and a fine white salt is thus obtained. A very scientific method for a primitive community to have evolved! While the women prepare the salt, the men collect firewood, which involves a grueling climb of a thousand feet or so to the top of the escarpment, since trees are scarce at Kibero, and an excessively uncomfortable descent with a goat fagot poised on the head. There is very little shade on the way, and a merciless sun overhead. The salt, made up into twenty or thirty pound loads, is also carried up on the heads of those who buy it. The entire community lives on the proceeds of the salt-workings. In the village market barter is carried on daily, salt being exchanged for food, clothing, and all other goods. The Kibero people do not grow anything at all on their land, and have very few goats or chickens or cattle. They do not even fish in the lake. Owing to some deficiency in their diet, due to their relying entirely for food on what is brought down the escarpment by other natives seeking to purchase salt, they suffer from a kind of distension of the stomach, which, by a curious irony, their own medicinal spring is powerless to cure.

JAY MARSTON.

A NATIVE VILLAGE WHICH OWNS ALL ITS PROSPERITY TO ITS WOMEN, WHO INHERIT AND RUN THE VALUABLE SALT-WORKINGS: KIBERO, IN UGANDA, SEEN FROM THE ESCARPMENT WHICH OVERHANGS IT; WITH LAKE ALBERT IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE STOCK-IN-TRADE OF ONE OF THE FEMININE SALT-PRODUCERS OF KIBERO, WHERE ALL THE WORKINGS ARE OWNED BY THE WOMEN: A GOURD SCRAPER; A PAN OF SALT IN PROCESS OF EVAPORATION; A TRAY OF PREPARED SALT; AND A 20-LB. LOAD, DONE UP IN BANANA-FIBRE.

## THEM ALONE: KIBERO—A NATIVE "HARROGATE" OF UGANDA.



OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY WOMEN ONLY: THE SALT-WORKINGS AT KIBERO, ON LAKE ALBERT, WHERE THE MEN HAVE MERELY THE SUBORDINATE TASK OF COLLECTING FUEL FROM THE NEIGHBOURING HEIGHTS FOR USE IN THE INDUSTRY.



A KIBERO WOMAN WASHING THE SALT FROM THE SAND; WHILE A MAN STANDS IN THE BACKGROUND WITH A LOAD ON HIS HEAD: A SITUATION TYPICAL OF THE DIVISION OF LABOUR AT KIBERO, WHERE MEN ARE ALLOTTED MENIAL TASKS, AND THE MANAGEMENT AND THE TECHNICAL SIDE OF THE "INDUSTRY" ARE IN FEMININE HANDS.



## THE DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND: NAPIER—A DEVASTATED TOWN.



NOW "LIKE A PLACE THAT HAS UNDERGONE A BIG BOMBARDMENT": A VIEW OF NAPIER, PORT AND CAPITAL OF HAWKE'S BAY (NEW ZEALAND, NORTH ISLAND), BEFORE ITS RUIN BY EARTHQUAKE.

Napier, the port and capital of Hawke's Bay, North Island, was ruined by an earthquake which shook the whole of that district of New Zealand on February 3. A number of its inhabitants—given at the time of going to press as 700—were killed, and a far greater number rendered homeless. "Napier looks like a place that has undergone a big bombardment," an eye-witness is reported to have said. All the big buildings in the centre of the town were razed to the ground. Oil-tankers in the harbour caught fire, and so, apparently, did large areas of the town

itself. The earthquake, which made many fissures in the surrounding countryside, was followed by a tidal wave, and the sea-bed seemed to rise. The commander of H.M. Sloop "Veronica," lying in the harbour, took charge of the situation, and landed every available sailor to assist in the work of relief. The cruisers "Diomedes" and "Dunedin" sailed from Auckland for the scene, with doctors and nurses, medical stores and food. So strong was the shock that the Wellington seismological instruments were so affected that they will take some time to repair.

## THE FUNERAL OF "ISLAM'S MOST SELF-SACRIFICING PATRIOT"—MOHAMED ALI.



THE BURIAL AT JERUSALEM OF THE DELEGATE TO THE INDIAN ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE WHO DIED IN LONDON: MAULANA MOHAMED ALI'S COFFIN, DRAPED WITH A VIVID GREEN PIECE OF THE HOLY CARPET, PROCEEDING FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

The body of Maulana Mohamed Ali, the Indian Moslem leader who died in London while he was a delegate to the Round-Table Conference, was buried in Jerusalem on January 23. The funeral procession from the station was attended by Shaukat Ali, Mohamed's brother; by Egyptian notables, by representatives of neighbouring Moslem governments; and by dense crowds which poured in from the villages as the result of their *muftis'* invitations to all Arabs to attend the

funeral of "Islam's most self-sacrificing patriot and Palestine's greatest friend in need." Speeches were made in the Haram esh Sherif by Sheiks from Amman, Cairo, and Tunis, and poems were recited in honour of the dead. The dead leader was buried in a new vault on the north of the Wailing Wall. In spite of the unusual crowds, the police arrangements worked smoothly and effectively, and no incidents were reported.



## A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: WONDER TRAILS OF "THE IRON HORSE."



THE ROMANCE OF RAILWAY ENGINEERING: A GRAND MOUNTAIN CONTRAST TO TURNER'S "RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED"—  
A TRAIN TRAVERSING THE ROYAL GORGE CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER IN COLORADO.

This magnificent photograph, which illustrates so impressively the romance of railway engineering, may well take its place among those "Symbols of Our Time" of which many kindred examples have been given in these pages. The view was taken from the top of one of the great precipices between which the Arkansas River has eaten its way through the Royal Gorge Canyon in Colorado. Peering down into the abyss, the men standing on the rock platform on the left can see, far below, a snake-like train winding its way beside the river at the foot of

the crags, and filling the narrow gorge with clouds of smoke. The power of man has invaded the fastnesses of nature. The scene suggests at once a parallel and a contrast to J. M. W. Turner's famous picture in the National Gallery "Rain, Steam, and Speed: Great Western Railway," and the comparison further emphasises the vast extension in the trails of "the iron horse" since that picture was painted in 1844. The line shown in the photograph is the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad, which passes through wonderful mountain scenery.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

### SIR HERBERT JACKSON.

Died, Jan. 28; aged sixty-nine. Closely associated with the making of modern Sudan, and had held important posts in the Egyptian Army and the Sudan Civil Administration. In command of the Anglo-Egyptian forces at Fashoda in 1898.



### MR. F. M. HALE.

Inventor of the Hale rifle-grenade; the Hale aircraft bomb by which the first Zeppelin was destroyed; and a depth charge by which the first U-boat was sunk. It is claimed. Died, February 2; aged sixty-seven.

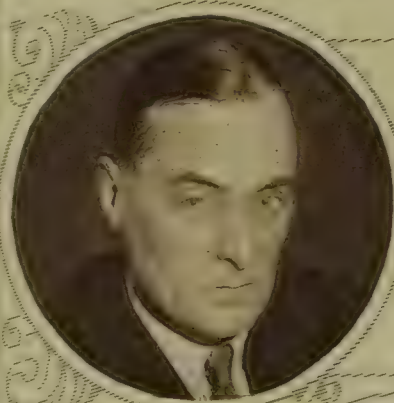


MISS DOROTHY FURNIVALL, THE WELL-KNOWN LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER, WHO HAS BEEN KILLED BY AN AVALANCHE IN THE ALPS. Three of a party of six British ski-ers who had been stranded on the Jungfrauoch for a week were killed by an avalanche on January 29. They were Mrs. Furnivall and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Furnivall, and Miss Leslie Galloway. Miss Dorothy Furnivall, who was twenty-three, had played at Wimbledon.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

### CAPT. MALCOLM CAMPBELL.

At Daytona Beach, on February 2, attained an unofficial speed of approximately 240 m.p.h. in his car, "Bluebird," thus beating the world's land-speed record established by Sir Henry Segrave (231.36 m.p.h.).



### M. DIAGNE.

Deputy for Senegal and a native of that country. Has accepted the Under-Secretaryship of State for Colonies in the new French Government formed by M. Laval.



### SIR ANDREW BALFOUR, K.C.M.G.

Director of London School of Tropical Medicine. Died, January 30; aged fifty-seven. Served as Civil Surgeon, South African War, 1916-17. President of Medical Advisory Committee in Mesopotamia. Later, President of Egyptian Public Health Commission. Later, Chief Director, Wellcome Bureau of Scientific Research in London.



### THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT OPENING THE NEW "PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS" AT NICE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ABOUT TO CUT THE TAPE.

The new Promenade des Anglais was officially declared open to the public by the Duke of Connaught—now a Freeman of Nice—on the afternoon of January 29. The Duchesse de Vendôme was present at the ceremony, which was attended by most of the British colony, by many of the other inhabitants, and by visitors. The Municipality of Nice has gradually changed the short and narrow carriage-drive which was once the "Chemin des Anglais" into one of the finest and most spacious roadways in the world. Recently its breadth has been further increased by building out into the sea.



### THE VENERABLE R. H. CHARLES, D.D.

Archdeacon of Westminster. Died, January 30; aged seventy-five. An authority on the Apocalypse and a British scholar with a European reputation. Published "The Book of Enoch," translated from the Ethiopic, 1893; "The Apocalypse of Baruch," from the Syriac, in 1896; "The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs," in Greek, in 1907.



SONS OF THE DUCE IN PUBLIC LIFE: BRUNO MUSSOLINI MAKING AN AWARD AT A YOUNG FASCIST MEETING (WITH HIS BROTHER VITTORIO ON HIS LEFT). Readers will see in this interesting photograph proof of the active part played in public life on occasion by members of the family of the creator of Italian Fascism. Bruno and Vittorio Mussolini, it is evident, are bent on emulating their father's career of service, and are here seen with young Fascists at a National Fascist gathering in Rome.



### THE HON. G. H. FERGUSON, THE NEW CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON:

A GAME OF CARDS WITH MRS. FERGUSON DURING THE CROSSING TO ENGLAND.

The new Canadian High Commissioner in London reached Liverpool on January 31, and proceeded to London at once. He arrived exactly twelve months after the death of his predecessor, the Hon. Peter Larkin. The delay in filling the appointment was due to a variety of reasons—chief among them the changes of Government at Ottawa.



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MINIATURES, TEXTILES, CARPETS, WORKS OF ART, etc., comprising the property of BARON MAURICE DAYET, *Secrétaire d'Ambassade*.

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**March 13th.**—A small but very choice Collection of ANTIQUE, MEDIEVAL and RENAISSANCE STATUARY. Also Fine OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE and very important GOTHIC TAPESTRIES, etc.

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## BLUE SKIES— TWO SUNSHINE CRUISES to the MEDITERRANEAN & AEGEAN SEAS

Leave icy March winds and drenching April behind, and enjoy glorious sunshine on the blue waters and golden shores of the Mediterranean.

"STELLA POLARIS"—the pleasure ship supreme—leaves for the two Spring Cruises.

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HARWICH, LISBON, MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS, CASABLANCA (for Marakesh and Fez), GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, PALMA, MAJORCA, BARCELONA, MONACO.

1st class rail London (Liverpool Street Station) to Harwich (Parkston Quay). Sailing March 27th, arriving Monaco April 16th. 1st class rail to London via Paris and Calais on April 16th or any following date.

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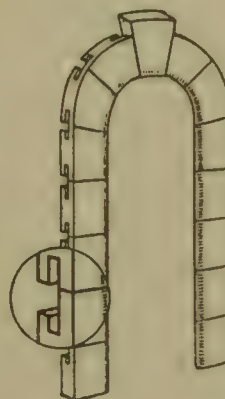
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These cruises, which end or commence respectively at Monaco, save the sea journey between England and the Mediterranean, thus enabling a greater variety of places to be visited in the time allotted to each Cruise.

MOTOR CRUISER  
**STELLA  
POLARIS**

For illustrated folder of these and other Mediterranean Cruises, apply Passenger Manager, B & N Line Royal Mail, Ltd., 25, Whitehall, London, S.W.1 (Tel.: Whitehall 4172) and leading Tourist Agents.



## THE TILES CANNOT COME OFF

The tiles on a Devon—particularly those in the strategic position round the opening of the fire—hold firm as a rock. The makers of Devon Fires have long used sturdy briquettes instead of flimsy tiles wherever possible. Now, as an added safeguard, they are using the Blakey patent interlock on these briquettes.

Look at the sketch and you will see how, when the cement dries, the "T" formation interlocks the briquette, ensuring a firm hold.

Would you like to see a Devon at our Showrooms? Or shall we send you the address of an ironmonger who can show you one?

IT'S A

**DEVON**

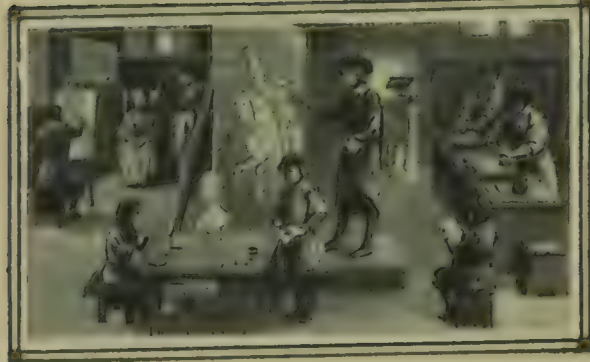
**FIRE!**

CANDY & CO. (DEPT. S), DEVON HOUSE, 60, BERNERS ST., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.  
WORKS: HEATHFIELD, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.

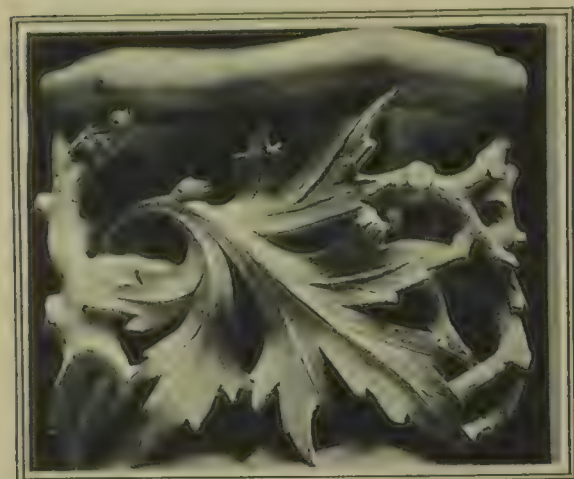


## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE CHANGING WEST.

"Pattern: A Study of Ornament in Western Europe"\*; Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.



THE illustrations to these two volumes\* are uncommonly well chosen: there are four hundred and thirty-five of them. Many are of extraordinary merit; a few are examples of those fantastic absurdities in decoration which have more than once excited the fashionable world. The text seems to me no less admirable. This is not to say that it is strikingly original—it is not. But it is erudite, accurate, documented, and eminently readable—and this last quality is one which similarly learned works do not always possess. Let no one be terrified by the somewhat chilling title, which defines the scope of the book



DEEP FEELING FOR NATURE AND FOR BEAUTY OF LINE IN PATTERN: A LOVELY FRENCH GOTHIC CAPITAL CARVED ABOUT 1510.

well enough, but gives no indication of the very real human interest that is to be found within.

The author's method is to build up a picture of the artistic sensibilities of a given period by an enormous range of quotation from contemporary documents and designs. Cathedrals, door-jambs, vases, wood panels, textiles—every imaginable piece of evidence is cleverly marshalled, and explained by means of innumerable references. The result is unquestionably illuminating—even exciting—though it is permissible to suggest that in one instance the fundamental seriousness of her outlook leads her, not to inaccuracy, but to a certain misplaced emphasis.

I think she finds that the French eighteenth century—the time of Watteau and his followers, and of those graceful, slender Louis XV. arm-chairs—a trifle too frivolous for more than a rather condescending treatment. True enough, it was by no means an age of the highest artistic fulfilment, but it is possible to argue that the glittering little circle of the aristocracy concealed a very real middle class which was of solid worth and by no means lacking in appreciation of fine things. After all—to mention only one instance—a man whose only knowledge of French art was confined to the canvases of Chardin would have quite a different impression of the period from a man who only knew the not less able, but far less serious, painters. But Watteau and Greuze are mentioned, while I can find no reference to Chardin. Surely no age that produces a painter who is able to make a few vegetables on a kitchen table into a great picture can be dismissed as wholly trivial? And even Fragonard was sincere as well as talented when he was not painting for insincere clients.

More than one almost forgotten fashion is brought before our eyes. Everybody remembers Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, playing with what he thought was Gothic decoration: but then Walpole was a character and a somebody. The case of nineteenth-century Gothic enthusiasm is rather different: here was not an amateur of leisure amusing himself, but an almost religious Movement, a desperately earnest attempt at culture on the part of a large

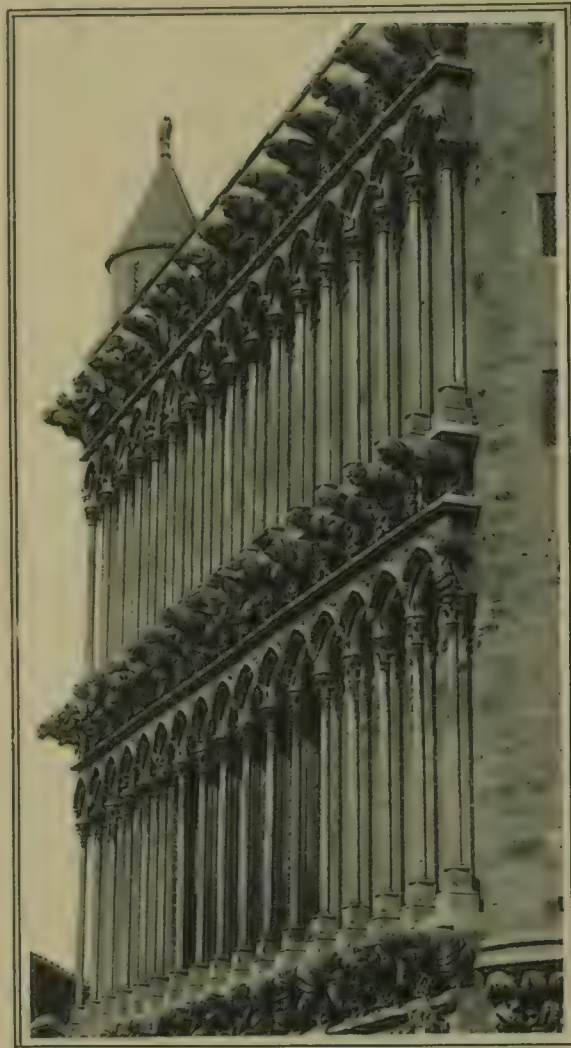
number of people. Miss Evans has dug out some horrifying examples of Gothic furniture, including two pieces designed for, and exhibited at, the 1862 Exhibition. "The style that had diverted Horace Walpole had become more 'learned' than archaeology had ever succeeded in making classicism; the ritualists endowed it with a hieratic sanctity, the naturalists with a divine spontaneity, the travellers with the glamour of Italy. Even science lent a hand, and in 1857 provided models of the flora of the carboniferous forests for the Gothic capitals of the Oxford University Museum."

At the same time, I think we might have had a word of praise for one great building that it is rather the fashion to despise. The Houses of Parliament are so familiar that they are never seen—no, not even by the learned. Let us admit that the interior decorations, taken as a whole, are atrocious: but is the exterior so utterly unworthy of notice in so serious and detailed a publication?

Miss Evans is at her best in the earlier chapters. One feels she is entirely at her ease in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but faintly bored by the tiresome trivialities of more modern times. A most admirable chapter is that entitled "Speculum Naturæ," and commencing "One of the greatest discoveries of the Middle Ages was that of the beauty of the natural world. Not since the Silver Age of Rome had the full loveliness of flower and leaf, bird and beast, been perceived; an ascetic view of nature, a life of warfare and danger, a civilisation striving to keep a tradition it had ceased to understand, all worked together to blunt man's consciousness of natural beauty. But, as the races of Europe recovered from the immense fatigue of the Dark Ages, this sense was reborn. Men had both leisure for contemplation, and the peace of mind that makes true contemplation possible."

The instances of birds and beasts appearing as decoration in stone or on vellum or textiles is legion. "On Lyons Cathedral the medallions of the lower part of the portal show two fowls scratching themselves: a squirrel in a nut-tree; a crow perched on a dead rabbit; a water bird catching an eel; a snail on a leaf; and a pig searching for acorns. . . . A page of the Ormesby Psalter has a great O enclosing figures of the Trinity in Majesty, ornamented with two seraphs, and two even larger greenfinches: in the margin there are a monkey on a hound pursuing an owl on a rabbit; a border of flies and ladybirds; a man on a bear fighting another on a lion; a peasant

slinging stones at a snail; a butterfly that looks as if it had just alighted on the page; a winged dragon



A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF RHYTHMIC GOTHIC PATTERN: A DETAIL OF THE FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME DE DIJON FROM AN UNUSUAL ANGLE.

chasing a centaur (in a neat green coat with white spots), who is shooting at the butterfly; a robin looking at a goldfinch, and a magpie looking at an owl; a hawk eating meat, and a man-bodied bird brandishing a sword against a squirrel who is eating a nut." Not the least charming of the many quotations in this long section are the beautiful little songs in old French. The exhaustive treatise upon the influence of heraldic emblems in design seems to be especially sound.

It is quite evident that the author's main interest is in the early period. The dust-cover reminds me that "Life in Mediæval France," published five years ago, was an excellent book on slightly different lines, but not less accurate; while "Magical Jewels of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance" is a mine of information upon a most obscure subject. The present two volumes go down as far as the year 1900—and rather disapprovingly. Perhaps a third may deal with the development of pattern in the last quarter of a century. I, for one, would read with interest what Miss Evans has to say about concrete and steel,

and the revolution that is being effected in interior decoration by the use of electric lighting and smooth surfaces.



A DELICATE AND CHARMING FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CONCEPTION: A FRANCO-FLEMISH VERDURE TAPESTRY WITH CHILDREN AND BIRDS.

Reproductions by Courtesy of the Publishers, the Clarendon Press.

resting; a trumpeter; and many dragons. Another page, besides a fine interlaced border and a miniature of God anointing David, has a man-headed beast

\*"Pattern: A Study of Ornament in Western Europe. 1180-1900." By Joan Evans. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press; 2 vols. 7 guineas.)





## VISIT SUNNY SPAIN

**T**HE Country of Romance which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive, in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this, there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

*For all information and Literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at PARIS, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695 Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9 Via Condotti; MUNICH, 6 Residenzstrasse; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Litts Agencies or any other Travel Agency.*





## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

WHEN the British Empire Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires is opened by the Prince of Wales on March 14, I am sure all South America, to say nothing of many prominent individuals from the north of the continent, will be present, if only



A MODERN CAR IN A TUDOR SETTING AT MIDHURST: A FORD CABRIOLET IN FRONT OF THE OLD SPREAD EAGLE INN, WHICH DATES FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

to see the splendid array of British-built motor-carriages. I wonder what the comments will be on that wonderful production, the new Austin "Twelve-Six," which only costs £198 in Great Britain for a full-sized four-seating saloon carriage fitted with a six-cylinder 14-h.p. engine. Also the other larger six-cylinder models, and the marvellous Baby Austin "Seven." Sir William Morris startled the English motoring community with his £100 four-cylinder car recently. Now Sir Herbert Austin has certainly aroused the cheers of his countrymen in providing a full-size six-cylinder carriage for under £200.

It has no rival at its price, and the reliability of previous Austin models is the sponsor of the high character that is given to this new "Twelve-Six"

Austin. Those who, like the writer, have seen and ridden in it, can testify that it has all the characteristics required of the up-to-date lightweight motor-carriage. There is nothing freakish in its design, as it follows well-established practice. Yet the side-by-side valve engine, of 61.25 mm. bore and 84.63 mm. stroke, develops high power quickly, so that, coupled with its lightweight chassis and coachwork, high acceleration is given the car on all its three forward speed-gear ratios. Also the brakes are very powerful. Silent-bloc spring shackles, zinc interleaved semi-elliptical springs, automatic advance and retard battery and coil ignition, petrol-feed pump to the carburettor driven by the engine, petrol gauge on the dash-board, aluminium pistons, and lubrication points reduced to a minimum, are some of its detail equipment in the latest form of modern motor practice.

### Special Export Vauxhall Model.

A British motor-car factory that has ignored the English horse-power tax on private cars in its effort to capture overseas markets, is the Vauxhall at

Luton. The special export model of Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., is in coachwork, general appearance, and layout similar to the Vauxhall "Cadet." The "VX" chassis, as it is styled by the makers, has a bore for its engine's cylinders of 84 mm., taxable at £27 a year in the U.K. The "Cadet" is rated at 16.9 h.p., and gives its highest power at 3400 revs. The engine of the "VX" model develops its best horse-power at 2600 revs. per minute, so has a high torque at low revolutions, the best characteristic for a "top-gear" drive

engine. It also has a comparatively low piston speed, so should have a long life of useful work with a minimum of repairs. The road springs are a trifle long and flexible for English tastes, but then suitability for overseas conditions cannot be doubted, as a trial run over the Sussex Downs, off the beaten tracks, would soon demonstrate to those sitting in this car. Conditions are so different overseas. If roads are smooth it is because they are both new and straight, whereas, if the way is winding, it is old and rough. Therefore one can use cars better on such roads with more flexible springs than taking corners on our fast roads would allow, owing to the swaying which would occur while cornering on the latter highways. Also our small-bore high-speed engines are apt to demand gear-changing more frequently than engines of larger bore and slower revolutions. That is why the overseas motorist prefers large bore motors, and so the Vauxhall "VX" caters for him

(Continued overleaf.)



A MOTOR MASQUERADE: AN EFFECTIVE MODEL OF STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET," BUILT UPON THE BASIS OF A WILLYS WHIPPET, WITH PART OF THE BODY REMOVED FOR THE PURPOSE.

This model was a first-prize winner in the car class of the procession inaugurated at Madras on Armistice Day, 1930, by the Automobile Association of Southern India.

## The Vogue this Winter is "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light



"Dine by 'Nell Gwynn' Candle-light," says Fashion.

### "Nell Gwynn" Candles are Most Acceptable Gifts

As gifts, "Nell Gwynn" Candles bring permanent delight. They are inexpensive, the smallest size costing only 9d. per box of two candles. Now there is a special new Gift Box containing four 14 in. Candles, with four flat Candlesticks to match. This lovely Box, costing only 5/-, makes an ideal Prize for Bridge Parties and Competitions.

For further information please write for a delightful free booklet, with coloured illustrations, called "Lights of Other Days," to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. E., London, S.E.1. Established 1642, in the Reign of Charles I.

This winter hostesses everywhere are lighting their Dining-tables with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. Slender, many-coloured, these candles are in themselves lovely things. A room gains an atmosphere of romance when lit by "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light. Candle-light is alive; it gleams in the glass-ware and shines in the silver; it is kind to skin, eyes and hair and reveals all the beauty that a harsher illumination will destroy. Wit and conversation flourish in this sympathetic light.

No matter what the style of the room, it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. For burning on the dining-table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn Antique" Candles. These taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed and not surface-tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

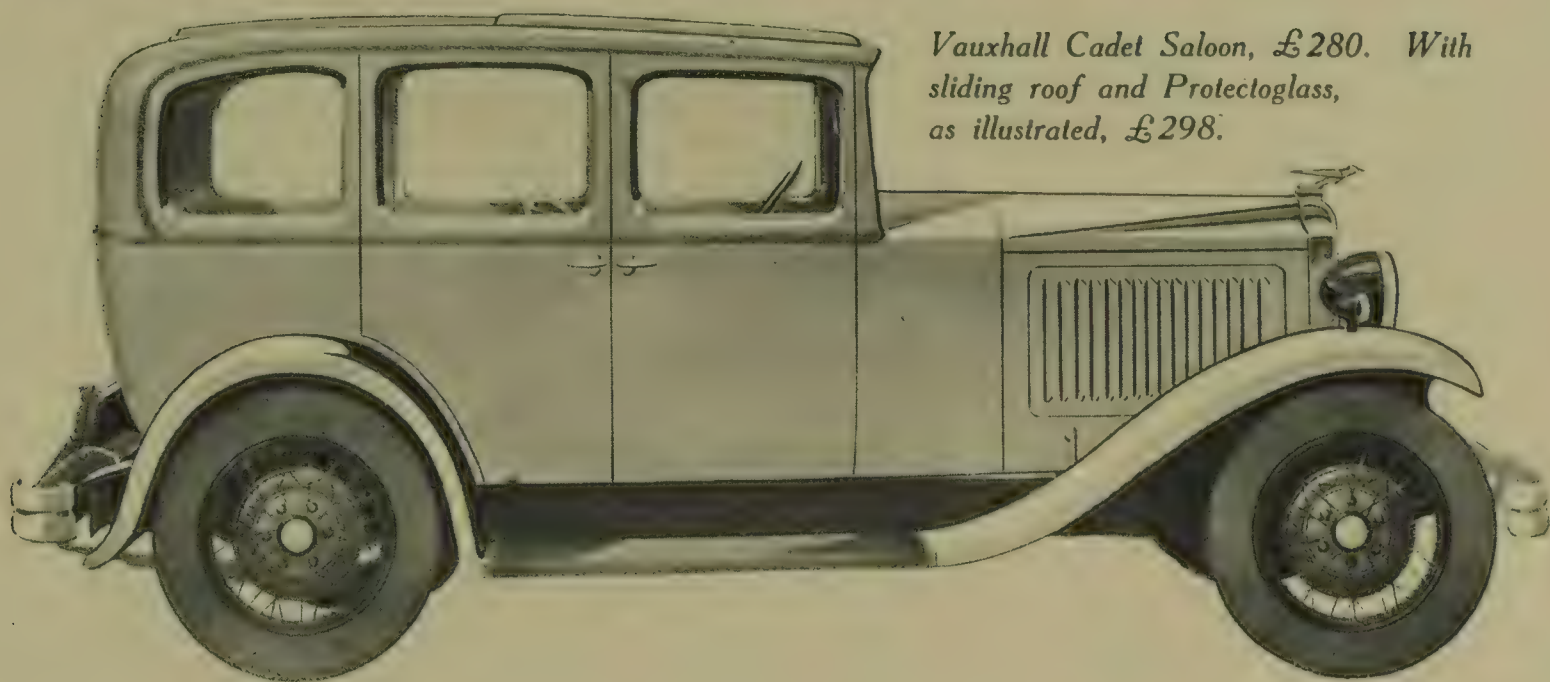
### For Decoration Too.

The slim, elegant shapes of "Nell Gwynn" Candles make them an essential ornament for every room. Displayed on the mantelpiece, on the sideboard and the table, they give the final touch to the general decorative scheme. There is not space to describe all the lovely types, but there are as many as 36 different colours, and 10 different varieties.

ALDWYCH




# 9 essentials to look for when you choose a car



*Vauxhall Cadet Saloon, £280. With sliding roof and Protectoglass, as illustrated, £298.*

No matter what price you mean to pay, there are nine vital points to insist on in the car you buy!

- 1 It must be as good-looking as any on the road.
- 2 It must run smoothly and quietly at all speeds.
- 3 It must have a quick acceleration that will get you away first in traffic.
- 4 It must climb any reasonable hill in top gear.
- 5 It must perform month after month with just ordinary care and at the least possible expense.
- 6 It must be easy to drive and handle in any traffic situation, and must be comfortable in all sorts of weather.
- 7 It must give you all modern convenient features.
- 8 It must be absolutely safe for yourself and your family.
- 9 It must be the product of a company you can rely on, with a service policy that will give prompt attention to your requirements wherever you may be.

YOU WILL FIND THEM ALL IN THE  
**VAUXHALL CADET**  
**£280** 17 H.P., 6 CYLINDERS 

Make the test for yourself—ask any Vauxhall dealer to give you a trial run in this splendid car. Day and night shifts are being worked at the factory to ensure prompt delivery. Saloon, £280, or with sliding roof and Protectoglass, £298;

Tourer, £275; Two-Seater, £295; Sports Coupé, £298; Four-Light Coupé, £298. There is a special 26-h.p. model for overseas. Write for catalogue to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9



and his requirements to the fullest extent. In addition to the overseas Vauxhall "VX" cars, this firm are showing their Bedford commercial motor-vehicles at the British Empire Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires. These are powerful six-cylinder chassis, the range including half-ton, one-and-a-half tons, and two tons (long and short) chassis. The two-ton long wheel-base Bedford is very suitable for omnibus and coach services. The fast Vauxhall "Eighty" car will also be exhibited. This carries a guarantee from the makers of a speed of at least 80 miles an hour for the Hurlingham Sports two-seater. This big Vauxhall of 38 h.p. is an old favourite in England, where it has won many a competition in the hands of amateur owner-drivers.

#### East African Road Book.

I should like to offer my congratulations to Mr. L. D. Galton-Fenzi, the Hon. Sec. of the Royal East African Automobile Association, on his successful labours in completing the Road Book of East Africa, which was in time to go as a Christmas box to the members of that Association. It took him three years to complete, and includes a rough report, action map and profile map of all the main trunk roads in East Africa. In order to get accurate details, Mr. Galton-Fenzi had to drive over all the actual roads themselves, taking the altitudes, calculating the distances, etc., and then getting the maps drawn. He deserves great honour among all motorists for his truly useful addition to the world's knowledge of roads in the British Empire. It is a most helpful publication to anybody going out to that country, and is well worth the five shillings that the public have to pay for it. Also let me add a line of thanks on behalf of all motorists in Africa to the Shell Company of East Africa for paying the whole cost of printing this East African Road Book. With the help of the Public Works, the Survey and Administration Departments of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, the work contains very accurate maps, and, moreover, no fewer than thirteen aerodrome maps. The alphabetical list of distances all over East Africa, calculated from Nairobi, Kampala, Dar-es-Salaam and Mombasa, is another useful item in this interesting production.

Cars are so good at very moderate prices nowadays that motorists with limited incomes can buy luxury-type vehicles. Recently I had a trial run in

one of the latest overhead-valved 16-h.p. Singer "Super-Six" saloons. It has excellent acceleration, a good top-gear performance, and is very smart in its appearance. Although this car only costs £340, it is fitted with all the most up-to-date methods provided on much more expensive models. It is capable of a speed of a mile a minute, so tours comfortably all day long at 40 to 50 miles an hour. The four-speed (forward) gear-box is easy to change on if you do it quickly without long pauses, and provides ample ratios to tackle the most mountainous country without lessening average road-speed. The Marles steering is nice and light to handle, the Dewandre vacuum-servo brakes could not be bettered, and the "one-shot" lubrication wipes away all trouble of servicing for the owner-driver. With such a generous high-class equipment of all the items which really matter for saving fatigue and giving safety to the users, the running costs and maintenance are reduced to a minimum, so that the Singer "Super-Six" is a luxury type carriage, yet a very economical car to own. What more can a motorist want?

#### Upper Cylinder Engine Lubrication.

For many years motorists have added a thin oil to petrol in order to be sure of getting adequate lubrication in the upper portion of the cylinder of the engine of their cars. Such "petroiling" has been done by buying special lubricants from small firms who have sold a form of dope to the racing people. Now that the high-speed engine is common to all types of cars used by the public, upper cylinder lubrication is becoming more necessary than ever in order to keep the motor working in its best condition. Consequently, Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., realising the demand for a special oil for this purpose, have now produced a blend styled "Castrollo," which is obtainable all over the country where Wakefield Castrol oils are sold. This new oil is packed in two sizes of containers, the quart tin holding sufficient oil to treat 160 gallons of petrol costing 5s. 6d.; and the pint tin selling at 3s. Each tin has its stopper in the form of a measure which only requires to be filled up and added to the petrol—one measure per two gallons of petrol. All engines benefit by "petroiling," as a known weakness of most has been a tendency for the top ends of the cylinders, the piston rings, the valves, and the valve-stems to become starved of oil when their lubrication rests entirely on the supplies delivered from the sump.

At this season of the year, when so many new cars are being gently run in by their owners, this "Castrollo" will come as a boon to aid the driver to get smoother running, better lubrication to the valves, and possibly less inclination of the engine to "knock." The presence of this upper cylinder lubrication oil in the petrol, and so in the combustion-chamber, is stated by engineers to check definitely the formation of carbon deposits, since the film of oil prevents particles of carbon lodging on the surface of the metal. It is a long job to test this point with any accuracy, so I only mention it to show that, at any rate, motorists need have no fears of any excessive carbonising of their engines by using "Castrollo" for upper cylinder lubrication.

#### Luggage Trailers' Limit of Speed.

Before Easter arrives it is expected that the Minister of Transport will issue some new regulations in regard to caravan and light luggage trailers drawn by private cars. At present, these are limited to a speed of 20 miles an hour, and the trailer is supposed to have at least one person aboard. This, of course, is absurd as regards the two-wheeled luggage-carrier often trailed behind Morris and Austin "Baby" cars, and which haul light caravans frequently. The latter also do not need anybody riding in them either as a look-out or for putting on the brake. The driver of the car performs both these duties automatically, and the brakes of the car and of the trailer are always linked up. As the law now stands, Paterfamilias on his holiday caravan will have to put one of the children, or one of the party in the caravan, to comply with the law, and equally so if he only hauls a luggage-trailer. The old 20-miles-an-hour speed limit was unheeded, and that will be the fate of the present trailer regulations unless amended to ensure a common-sense rule and one that is practical to conform to. When the clause was drafted, the Committee were only thinking of commercial vehicles, and had entirely forgotten the private pleasure-seeking motorist. The trailers they thought about were carrying two to three ton loads with just tie-bars to attach them to the vehicle towing them. On the whole, there is little to complain of in our new motor and traffic law, so that motorists now can claim to have equal rights with other types of traffic using the highways under its provisions, which they certainly did not possess under previous conditions.

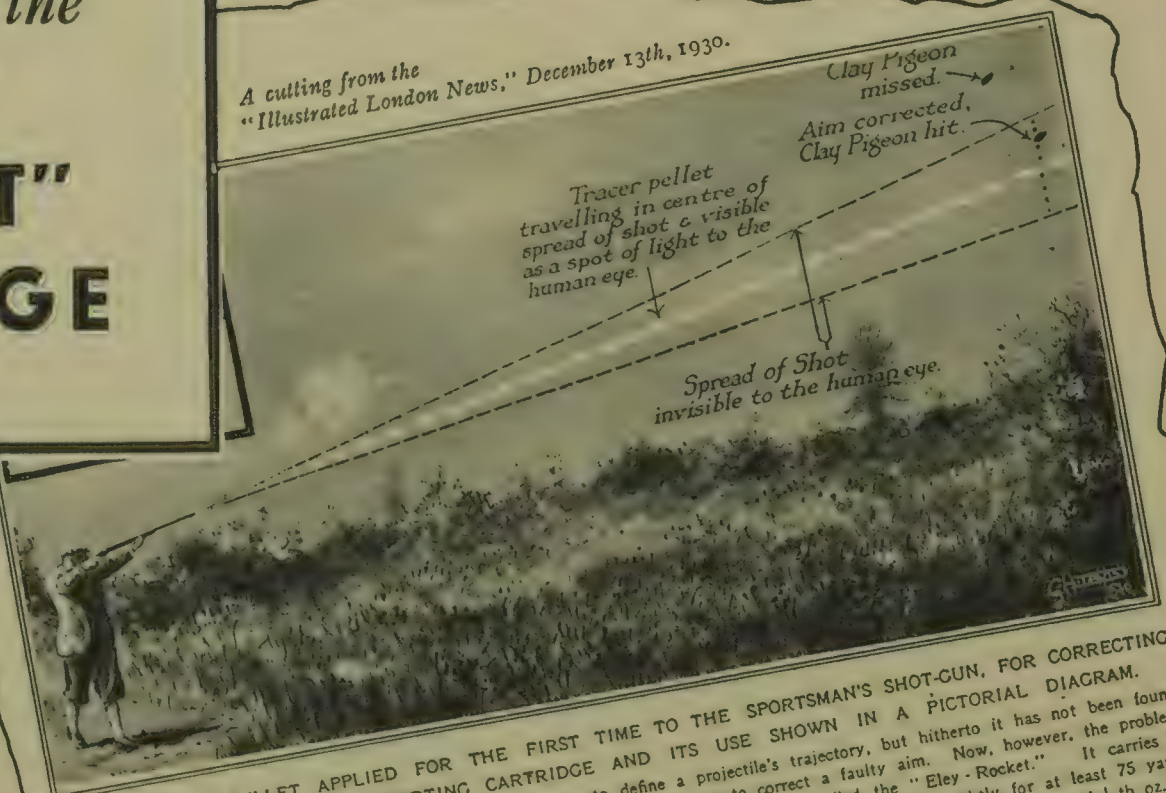
## Perfect your shooting with the ELEY "ROCKET" CARTRIDGE



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GUNMAKERS AND DEALERS

Packed in cartons of five

A cutting from the "Illustrated London News," December 13th, 1930.



THE "TRACER" BULLET APPLIED FOR THE FIRST TIME TO THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOT-GUN, FOR CORRECTING ERRORS IN AIM: A NEW SPORTING CARTRIDGE AND ITS USE SHOWN IN A PICTORIAL DIAGRAM. "Tracer" bullets have long been used for military purposes, to define a projectile's trajectory, but hitherto it has not been found possible to apply the principle to sporting shot-guns, to enable the sportsman to correct a faulty aim. Now, however, the problem has been solved by Imperial Chemical Industries, with a unique and patented cartridge called the "Eley-Rocket." It carries in the centre of the shot-charge a small tracer pellet, which is ignited by the powder charge and burns brightly for at least 75 yards after firing, thus tracing the trajectory. The ballistics remain the same and the shot-charge is the standard load of 1 1/8th oz. of shot. In game-shooting or clay-pigeon competitions a wrong aim can thus be quickly corrected, instead of missing several birds before discovering it. The "Rocket" cartridges use the same.

**"TO CORRECT YOUR AIM FOLLOW THE FLAME"**

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited • London • S.W.1





I have now had this car long enough to satisfy myself that it is far and away the best motor-car I have ever owned and I cannot speak highly enough of it.

I use it very considerably on the Continent where I drive it very fast and do not spare the car at all.

No car that I have owned has stood up to my severe work without giving considerable trouble after about 5,000 miles, but the 'Phantom II' seems to like it.

It really is a wonderful car, and I consider there is nothing on the road—except a pure and simple racing car—that can pass it; yet with all you do not appear to have sacrificed any of the wonderful Rolls-Royce qualities which have made your name so famous throughout the World. I refer, of course, to silence, smoothness, absence of vibration and general refinement throughout the chassis.

From C. R. Fairey Esq. Chairman and Managing Director of the  
Fairey Aviation Co. Ltd

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6040

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THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD



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His Majesty the King.*



*By Appointment to  
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## HOOPER & Co.

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AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING CARS.  
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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE.



## MARINE CARAVANNING.—CXIV.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

SOME while ago I was informed by the British Power Boat Co., of Hythe, Southampton Water, that all the efforts of the firm were to be concentrated on the production of high-speed craft to the exclusion of all other types. At the time I doubted the wisdom of this policy, but results seem to have proved it to be sound. I never fully realised that fast utility vessels were to be relied upon to provide the major part of the boat orders, otherwise I should have thought differently. After all, when one comes to think of it, the demand for high-speed vessels for pleasure purposes only can never be very great, because speed, especially on the water, is expensive, and those who can afford to indulge in it as a pastime are not numerous. High speed in commercial boats, however, is quite another matter, and they have a great future, for their speed is an asset, and by its means their owners can increase the earning power of their craft. I hope many utility speed-boats will be built and exported to the numerous out-of-the-way places in the world, where they are looked upon as blessings. The more that are required for commercial purposes, the cheaper will become those that are used for pleasure, so everyone should be pleased.

Personally, I am not a water speed lover, for I find that the thrills soon fade, like those of motoring or flying. It is only the usefulness of speed which has any lasting attraction; in other words, the saving of time between one place and another, or, in the case of commercial craft, the reduction of the wages bill. As soon as the one-time joy-riding speed-boat has found its true use, namely, that of a commercial dividend-earner, its running costs will start to come down, urged thereto by the demands of commercial users. This in itself may not greatly interest yachtsmen, but indirectly it will do so, for, by the extra knowledge gained by designers, faster cruising-vessels will be possible without any increase in the fuel bill. At present it must be admitted that, nice as they are in every

other respect, the fuel bill of express cruisers is sufficiently large to prevent many would-be buyers from placing orders. Their initial cost is, of course, also a consideration, for, after making due allowance for the higher engine powers, and all other considerations, they do not compare favourably with 8- to 10-knot cruisers of the same length.



A TYPE OF VESSEL FOR WHICH, IT IS SUGGESTED, A BRIGHT COMMERCIAL FUTURE IS WAITING: A "SEA JACK" UTILITY BOAT DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE BRITISH POWER BOAT COMPANY, OF HYTHE, SOUTHAMPTON.

Several boats of this type, having a speed of 32 m.p.h., have recently been shipped to the Congo for commercial duties.

I feel that the British Power Boat Co. will be able to rectify this state of affairs once they have firmly established their merchant-boat market, and so bring down their overhead charges. They tell me that the demand for their utility speed-craft for overseas use is steadily increasing, and that they have received repeat orders from the Belgian Congo for some 32-m.p.h. boats that have been specially adapted for tropical climates; whilst last month they supplied one of their "Sea Jacks" as a tender to a yacht that is engaged on exploration work in the Gulf of Akaba, as well as several other boats to well-known owners of large yachts at home. To my mind, however, by far the most interesting order that has been secured by this firm is one for seven fast boats for Imperial Airways, Ltd. These craft will be used as tenders for the conveyance of passengers and mails to and from the flying-boats of this company, which are to operate on the African section of the air route between England and South Africa. They will be stationed at Malakal, Kisumu, Shambe, Juba, Kosti, Butiaba, and Port Bell, and, I understand, will be equipped with Brooke engines, so will be of all-British production. Having an intimate knowledge of those parts, and the terrible ravages which the climate exerts on all types of boats, I foresee a demand for many additional craft in the not far distant future by the same company. If this occurs, there should be no complaints on the score of punctual delivery, for, from what I have seen of the organisation at Hythe, a large flotilla of boats can be built and despatched within seven weeks of the date on which the order is placed. Every time I visit this yard, I am impressed with its efficiency.

I always regret, however, that there are no other firms as highly developed which specialise in small sailing-craft or motor-cruisers. If this were the case, the prices of such vessels would be lower, and I should be amongst many others to place an order for a much-needed new boat. Such yards are badly needed, and, providing the right men are in charge, should pay their owners handsomely.

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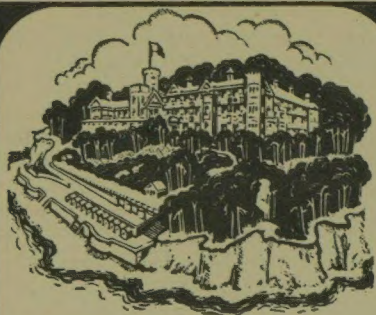
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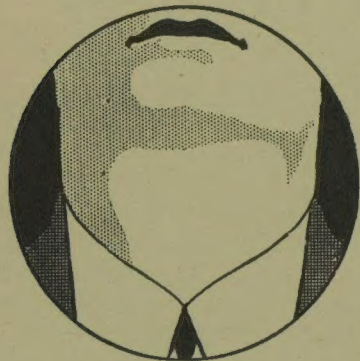
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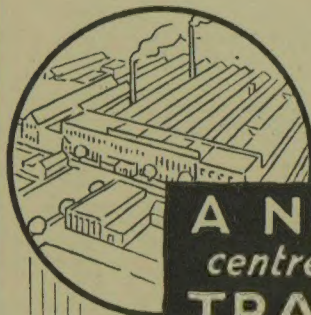
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "TANTIVY TOWERS," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

THERE is only one thing for it—"Tantivy Towers," the new English light opera, by Alan Herbert and Thomas Dunhill, must be included in the D'Oyly Carte repertory at once. So many critics have compared the author and composer to Gilbert and Sullivan that it would be wrong to exile "Tantivy Towers" from its spiritual home. You must not suppose that these comparisons have been drawn in any unfriendly spirit. They are, as a matter of fact, rather flattering to the late Sir W. Gilbert, who never in his life wrote quite so well as Mr. Herbert at his best. True, the latter's Chelsea hero was anticipated by that fleshly poet, Reginald Bunthorne, and there was a chorus of Dragoons, led by Colonel Calverley, before Captain Bareback and his jovial huntsmen gave tongue, but I found Mr. Herbert's—

I'm proud I'm a Briton  
Well nourished on sport,  
For history's written  
By men of my sort;

far more satisfying than such pretentious jargon as Sir William Gilbert's—

Take of these elements all that is fusible,  
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,  
Set them to simmer and take off the scum,  
And a heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

As for Mr. Dunhill, though it must be admitted that the interpolation of "John Peel" was the outstanding musical feature, we have the satisfaction of knowing that he resisted the temptation to paraphrase that old classic and steal its thunder, as nine out of ten American composers would have done. That, fortunately, is not our English way, and I do sincerely congratulate Mr. Dunhill on maintaining, at some cost to himself, our best British traditions. As a matter of fact, his music was very good indeed.

### "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY," AT THE GATE.

Middle-aged people who have a weak spot for this classic of their youth may resent the liberties taken with Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's story, but the younger playgoers of this generation will greatly enjoy the Gate Theatre version. Here we have Cedric Errol, "Dearest," Mr. Hobbs (who is still jiggered), and the Earl of Dorincourt, but how different they all seem! The "little lord," as played by Elsa Lanchester, is a too sweet child, and "Dearest" (Prudence Vanbrugh) is too dear for this or any age. Which means that the parts are played in

the spirit of mild burlesque, and excellently played at that. "Desire Under the Elms" is the next production here.

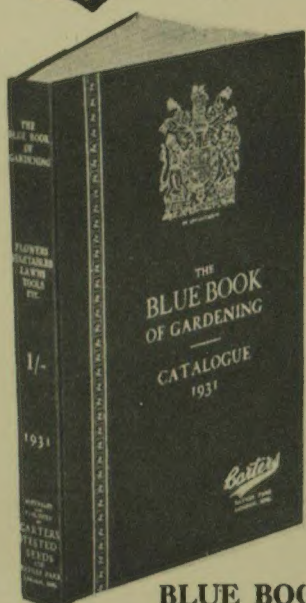
### "PRECIOUS BANE," AT THE EMBASSY.

Although this dramatic version of Mary Webb's novel may have been moved from the little Swiss Cottage theatre by the management's inexorable two weeks' rule, there is every chance that it may crop up again in the West End. In that event, may we suggest that the story should be allowed to end on a note of optimism, as the book permits, by touching upon the love-affair of Prue Sarn (Edith Sharpe) and the Weaver (Richard Caldicot). The good work of Robert Donat, as Gideon Sarn, calls for mention.

### "DANGER! HIGH TENSION," AT THE EVERYMAN.

The quality of this curious play was rather overshadowed by the author's little *jeu d'esprit* in stating that it was translated from the German, whereas it was, of course, an original. However, Mr. Skilbeck has learned his lesson, so we won't rub it in. Sebastian Shaw is (or was) very good indeed as the nerve-racked doctor; W. Earle Grey pleased me as the young Herr Professor; and George Merritt lightened the surrounding gloom with a finely restrained comedy performance.

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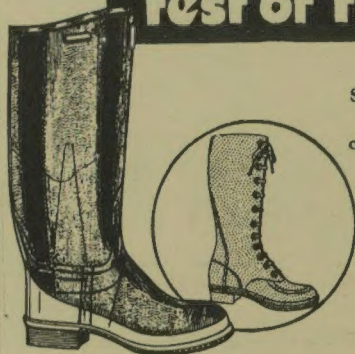
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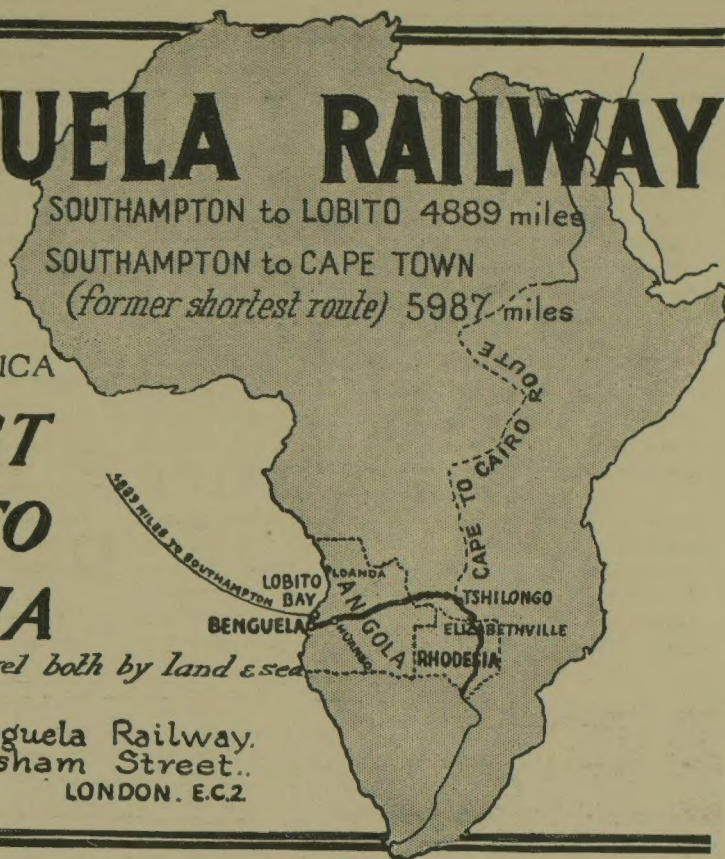
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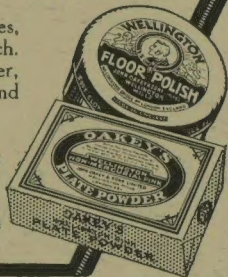
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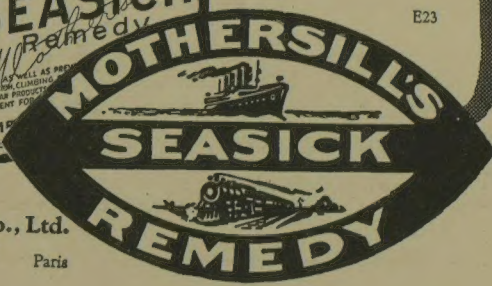
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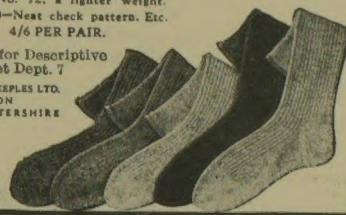
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